

IN THE WORLD'S
REALM





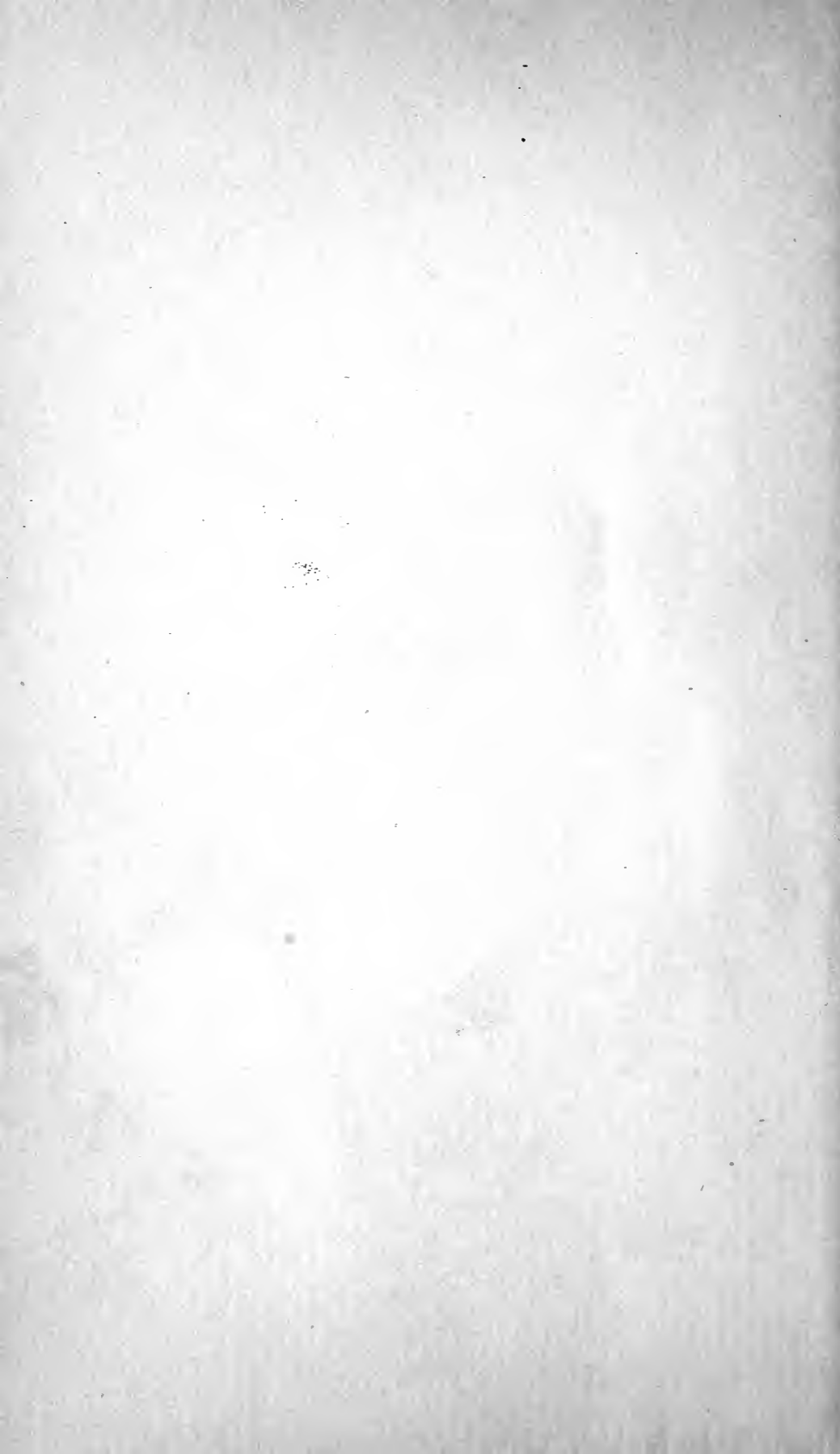
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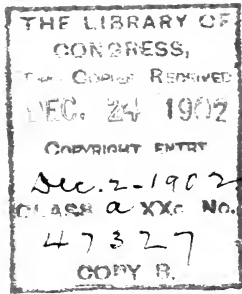
In the World's Realm

BY

Emma McGuirk



FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS
1902

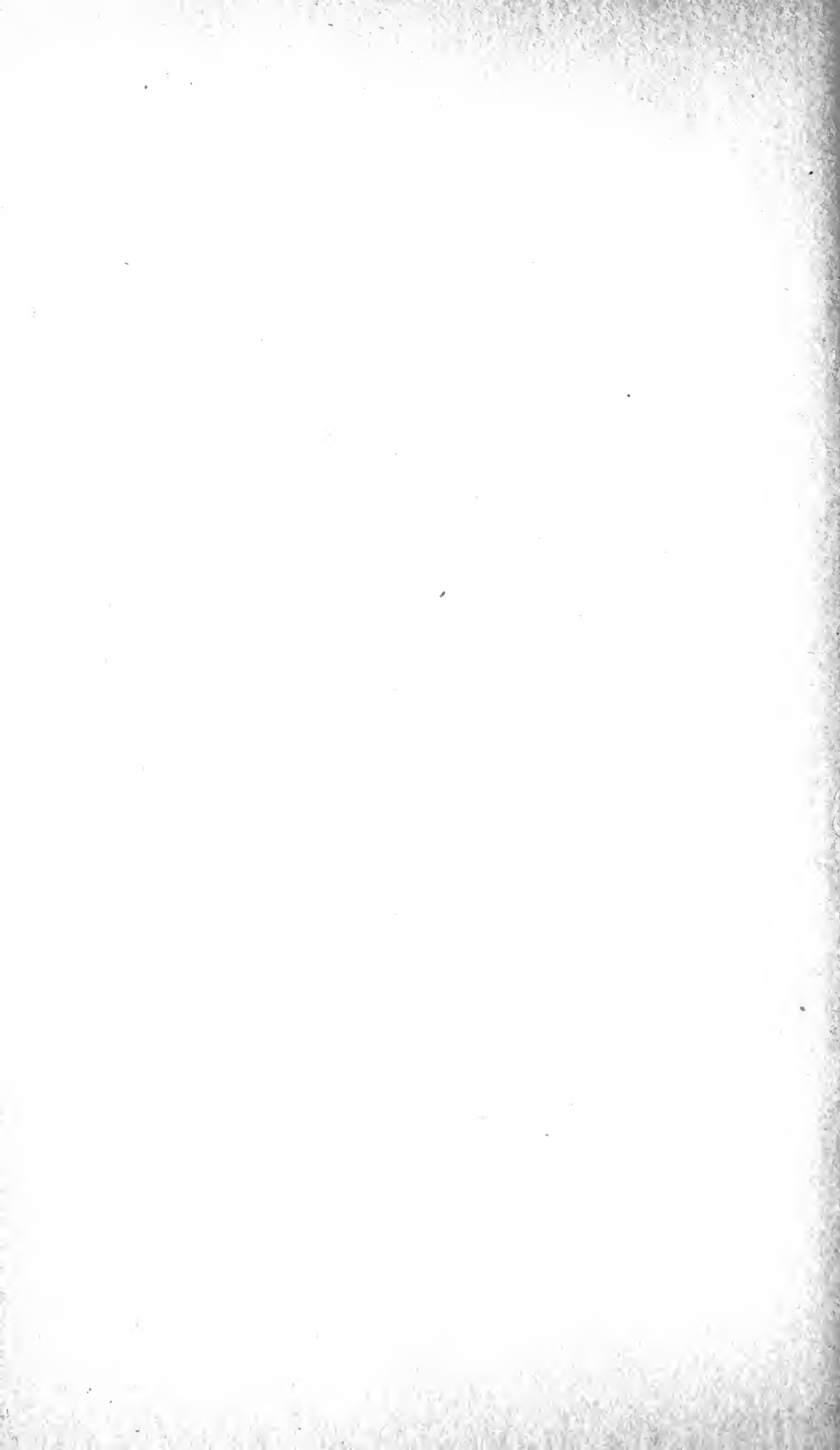


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*Not for praise do I labor, nor for fame;
But if some aching heart should chance to trace
One word of hope, of rest, from out the same,
Then would I be repaid with twofold grace.
From All Omnipotent the voice doth come to me—
Unworthy, owning not, I give it now to thee.*



In the World's Realm.

THE BROOK.

Down to the dell the brooklet wends
Its way with noiseless tread.
'Twill babble neath the willow-bends
Till time itself is dead.

I fling myself down on the bank,
And hear its murmuring tongue,
Reviewing hopes ere fortune sank
In days when I was young.

How oft from mossy, shelving nook
I leaned out o'er the brink
With tangled string, and bent pin-hook,
To watch the crushed bait sink.

And memory's thrill creeps o'er me now,
As breezes stir the leaves
Of springtime on an aged bough
Or tears drop off the eaves.

Of ancient domes, whose beauty shed
A lustre o'er the past,
Usurped by later fashion's tread—
Nor could such vigor last.

Thus fare our lives with anxious care,
And yet the older heart
Yearns less for glowing, youthful stare
Than what the rights impart.

The wrens upon the wooded hill
Unheed showers passing o'er,
But find an echo in their trill
That ne'er was there before.

For Nature's change to them is fair,
In lowland, or in lea,
And not for foolish woes would wear
A countenance like we.

But oft with us the times are dull
And sorrow lines our brow;
Be calm and warble to the full
While strength is with us now.

THE MILKMAID.

Behold! to-night I saw her pass,
This rosy, blithesome, singing lass.
A strain of warbling tones I heard
Like from a silver-throated bird.

Alone she passed through yonder vale,
With simple mien and queenly tread;
For sceptre bore a swinging pail,
And lightly poised it o'er her head.

No mocking-bird could frame the sounds
That thrilling from her bosom sprung;
Naught but the tiny raindrop's bounds
Into a liquid pool; be rung

The notes, but by her grace surpassed
And those I wished could always last.
The song I could not understand,
And know not if 'twere of this land,

Or better still, a foreign shore,
Where roams the one she sees no more.
But if I were he would not I
Athwart the heaving ocean speed?

And to that mourning lass would fly
Swift as the soft winds winged steed.
What the refrain I know not yet,
But to my fancying theme was set

EVENING.

7

A grave desire to sing through woes,
Or pleasure's fount, whichever flows
Into my cup, my carols be
A confidante the same as she.

REMEMBRANCE.

They say time heals; I know it not.
The years go on and still I weep.
I cannot pray, I cannot sleep,
For there is yet one hallowed spot.
I fain would pass it by and kneel,
For there my buried hopes lie dead.
But time will heal, for so 'tis said.
And yet I could not, dare not, feel
What life would be if I forgot
The memory of that cherished spot.

EVENING.

A smile broke forth in the evening sky
That darkened the day with its pensive frown;
It swept the clouds, both low and high,
Till it chased their stern wrath senseless down.

My heart stole peace from the tranquil sight,
And lured its thoughts to a cave away,
Where becalmed with the senses that steal o'er night
They slumbered peaceful till dawn of day.

My childhood rose with a beckoning sigh,
And wafted me back on its careless wing
To the scenes I loved in the days gone by
Ere I knew the secrets of life's full spring.

And the dreams I had with a purer mind
Than intellect boasts, tho' I longed to be free
And girdle the world which unknown seemed kind,
That gratified turned its warped edges to me.

I learned from experience's bitter flame
How our dreams of an Eden are melted away;

How soon in the ravishing heat of the game
Our prospects are withered and turn to decay.

Yet my thoughts grew light with an earned devotion
As the waves lie mute on a passionless sea,
And my heart felt chaste with a sweet emotion,
While I knew such triumphs were not for me.

I gazed on the sky and its beautiful hues
Were wasted and fallen. The last steps of day
Had carelessly trod o'er their heavenly views
And left night descending. My idols were clay.

TWO COMRADES.

As boats becalmed by storms that lie
On ocean's bosom day by day,
Two barques of hope one could descry
Safe anchored o'er the watery way.

When darkness fell, a living breeze
Them wafted far athwart the main;
Nor knew till dawn that distant seas
Divided tracks where they had lain.

But why e'en though each sailed alone,
One compass guides the beaten track?
Shall not the wind their ways condone,
Yet steer anew and waft them back?

Is not the shore through billows' roar
The same where earthly parting cast
A gleam of hope, through darkness' scope?
And there unite them at the last.

THE SPRING.

While treading o'er a dreary plain,
I longed for water but in vain;
Till in a rocky gorge all spurned,
I found a treasure as I turned.

A tiny well half hid from view,
And glowing like the silvery dew.
Tall rushes screened its lowly bed,
Where it so gently lay unfed;

But one grand gleam from out the sky
Glorified it from on high.
Thought I, how foolish was my plaint
To scorn the boulder's feeble taint,

And where no good could lie or rest
I looked and lo! I found the best.
Thus oft a soul in seeming weeds
Lies calm and pure 'neath golden deeds.

THE BATTLEFIELD.

I.

So loudly rolls the cannon's roar
It hushes e'en the battle's din.
Through serried ranks the shells outpour
Their sombre, deadly missiles in.

The charging ranks on either hand
Recall the ancient battle-cry.
We are but men, an armed band
Whose duty 'tis to do or die.

The rocks resound with clash of steel
That startles e'en the war-horse' neigh;
He plunges, snorts, with quivering reel
Regards in awe the thunderous fray.

With fancied wrongs in each proud breast
Increased by whirring bullets' dart
That marks the graves where heroes rest,
With blood shed for a country's smart.

O! charging ranks, the fatal day
That bids brave men like cowards flee,
Not from the king of forests' sway,
But from the boasts of chivalry.

Can not that peace be nobly sought
We own is for our people's good? .
And not with lives so dearly bought
By wading through a country's blood.

We thought the day of bloodshed o'er
When Roman lust was put to flight;
But gladiators as of yore
Must revel in the ghastly fight.

A flag of truce was slowly raised,
Its white edge gleaming o'er the flank;
The soldiers saw, and stood amazed,
Then tremblingly, as slowly sank.

'Twas but a moment's brief respite;
The wretched war was waged anew.
A carnage fierce the dawning light
And rolling smoke disclosed to view.

Men fighting against kindred; for
Are we not brethren one and all?
But all is fair in strife, and war,
To help a country's rise or fall.

The bugle's voice rang loud and clear,
Responding to the drummer's call.
It woke the slumb'rous hope, and fear
That wrapped them like a funeral pall.

With zeal renewed they fought with strength
A giant e'en would not despise.
Then quivered, wavered, broke at length,
And thus the wounded soldier dies.

II.

O! sombre night come down and shield
This world of misery, pain and woe.
Thy gleaming stars can scarce outyield
The number of her fallen foe.

The pale moon saw, her head she bowed
To gaze upon the awful scene;

Then shuddering, sank behind a cloud
In pity, yonder sight to screen.

In wild despair why must they weep,
Whose loved ones were in battle slain?
Then sorrow not, but let them sleep;
They will not have to fight again.

Those comrades there will know no more
Stern duty on life's battlefield.
Their cause is won, their hardships o'er,
Each gave his life ere he would yield.

And when they lie beneath the sod,
Uncoffined, yes, but honor-clad,
We know the truth, they are with God;
Then why, oh why, need we be sad?

And though they fell in distant lands,
Their spirits hover near our shore.
Their names are linked with golden strands
In memory's chain for evermore.

III.

Then wave, banner wave, thou wert nobly won;
What of a few, if the truth were told?
Gallantly gave what was nobly begun,
And linked their lives in its precious fold.

But a nation's honor has been redeemed,
A tyrant's scorn has been swept away,
With pennons, and crests that we esteemed
All rent and torn in the battle's fray.

Aye! one may smile while others must weep,
For the baffled hopes that a fight has slain;
And taunts will sink with a wound so deep
That a country's pride can never regain.

Then wave, banner wave, thou art staunch and true;
We know thou'lt shield us with might and main,
We know thy rule is to dare and to do;
Then why heed an enemy's silent disdain?

THE SOLDIER.

Of all fell in that battle
Only one I knew.
As brave a lad as ever
Donned a coat of blue.

The moon gazed down upon him
In his icy bed,
Struggling in the death-throes
Of his heart's-blood, red.

He thought of home and kindred
Ere he closed his eyes,
And breathed a prayer to meet them
Beyond the starry skies.

The night-wind soughed around him,
He cared not whither, he
Had left this world of sorrow
For all Eternity.

The eagle soared above him
Waiting for its prey,
As if 'twould tear asunder
The limbs of lifeless clay.

Far from his loved ones, dearer
Than all the world beside,
He shed his blood, life's ransom,
And for his country died.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Leap on, resistless cataract of foaming froth!
Before thee mortals' triumphs end: their control dies
And wastes upon the shore, while man stands wroth
To see his nothingness held naked to his eyes.
The sound of mighty thunder rolling deep
Doth drown all human praise. That useless tone
Be wasted 'neath the muttering ocean-sweep,
And tongues be overawed, and cleave from sight alone.

This broad, deep sea, that inland spurns command,
And scorns defiance from the world's immeasured
length,

That longs to test its will, its iron hand
With naught but human minds, and human strength.
Then dash thy foaming breakers, and the spray
Triumphant, scornful, rears its pinions crested high,
With force that irresistible shall dull the noisy fray,
For but its own momentum can those waves defy.

As Morning flings her dazzling hues athwart the sky,
Blending horizon, cloud, and wave in vaporous deep
That interspersed with sapphire rainbow's tinted dye,
Paints fall like miniatures from off a summit steep.
Enamelled now the brows of myriad cataracts
Which boasting, heedless, toss their hissing spray afar,
Until bombarded by the circlet waves relax
With sound of cannon, booming after conquered war.

Condensed the atmosphere; and gloomy clouds of night
Participate; when in the day the firmament expands
With murmured terror, shrinking from her lofty height,
She drains her garnered springs like incense from her
spreading hands.

A fire brand through fleece-winged clouds doth leap,
And parts asunder with its lightning sheen
Space for the glorious tempest's whelming sweep,
That onward creeps with the flash. The dismal scene

Lights up, and all around, above, beneath is lurid flame,
Straining its light through dark abyss and watery cave.
The foam like marble slabs engraved without a name
Are fitting tombstones for heroic Indian braves
Whose courage spurned man's walk, and sought a plane
Which led them on to happy grounds. Deluded peace
That craved a spotless maid for sacrifice. O! savage
bane,
How could those seething, tossing waters ever cease?

REVERIE IN A CHURCHYARD.

They are at rest 'neath old mother earth.
Ambition's useless toil has gained
A resting-place, ere tired life waned;
It matters little now the worth.

The pendulum of life swings slow,
Yet striketh once on one and all;
No strength can e'er resist its call,
We struggle faintly and then go.

The mourner strews the grave with flowers,
Sweet offerings from a gentle breast,
To meekly cover those at rest
In the only world we can call ours.

And loving hands caress the mound
Which doubly proves that friends must part—
Frail comfort for an aching heart,
That fain would rest beneath the ground.

The good they did shall now be told;
None of the dead can lightly speak,
Their vengeance now they would not wreak,
The noblest deeds does death unfold.

Perhaps some aching heart has yearned
For one kind word to ease its pain;
That loving word you would not deign
And thus a life in sorrow burned.

Afar the distant hum of life
Pursues its course with dizzy tread;
'Twill not arouse them from their bed,
They who have done with toil and strife.

The tiny warblers of the air
Trip lightly round with voices still;
A melody they would not trill,
As though they knew the dead were there.

The weary pilgrims' voices cease,
As slowly walk with reverent tread
In this lone sanctum of the dead
That breathes a sign of heaven's peace.

Perhaps some genius lieth near—
Poets, painters, sculptors, all
Who taught the minds of great and small,
And some whose victory cost them dear.

Each has his share of mould'ring rind,
The same as dwelt in humbler sphere.
All can but slumber helpless here;
Death makes no preference in mankind.

Mayhaps a voice that swayed a throne
Lies silent here in chill embrace;
No higher power, no greater place
Than died an outcast and alone.

Though tow'ring monument may span
The view from yonder lighted skies,
Beneath its grandeur only lies
All that remains of mortal man.

Some may have vaguely yearned for fame,
And striving well one learned to see
The end of all, Eternity,
And the faded glory of a name.

No cannon boomed with farewell zest
Nor mingled in his parting sighs;
Untrammelled by renown he lies
In peace, forgotten and at rest.

THE CRY OF THE INFIDEL AND THE OPPRESSED.

No God, no heaven, cry the voice
Of infidels. No true atoning
Can make the stars, the moon rejoice
Within our sorrow's deep bemoaning.

Faith, with its treasured terms of hope,
May cry to God in hidden anguish
Concealed on paths, whereas we grope
Unconscious truer rest doth languish.

Within the fold of silence' web
More dignified, with ease relenting.
The rock may break the river's ebb,
A gentle word may cause repenting.
The sun, and all its wandering spheres
May crush this earth within the morrow.
The ocean holds no power like tears—
And yet the Atheist knows but sorrow.

The bloody rampants of the fight
Can kill, and blindly call surrender,
While those in peace affront a slight,
With anger more than crown's defender.
Come heart to heart, and soul to soul,
Nor perish on the midway grieving;
Though different minds ye are but whole;
From same ye sprang, and same be leaving.

However stern the laws of men,
Disease shall spread unfettered pinions
Without, within, now and again
Destroying wastes, engulf dominions.
The strong, the weak, shall call for aid,
From sources great or small must borrow
The needful strength ere life is laid—
And yet the Atheist murmurs sorrow.

The silver throttled in the ore
May ease our hearts from endless pining.
The costly robes we craved before
Be linked to us with style's entwining.
What matter if an empty tone
Goes through our words without a meaning?
The bane of gold has swept them prone,
Through straws from out the harvest's gleanings.

The sweat of labor, borne for bread,
Is oft the thanks a starving giver,

And recompense which earned instead,
Pays failures for the wealthy liver.
Unjust, enforced, the tyrant lot
May rail at fate's produced uncover,
While wronged but meekly seek a spot
To rest where spendthrifts fail to hover.

Both, rich, and poor, may meet as one
Within the walls of ancient cover,
Like hearts from separation gone
To greet the past, when once a lover.
In fear, with poverty surmised,
He dreaded lest the stately mansion
Would ope, (where was the one he prized,)
And lose him in its broad expansion.

The sky of God, the fruitful fields
Bar out not what His wisdom gave us,
To only such as ignorance yields
The tongue, the voice, would now deprave us.
We look with pleading eyes at some,
And ask how long their love will linger;
To others haughty, we are dumb
Nor heed God's warning lifted finger.

We stand in awe beside the bed
Of one we loved, and trusted ever;
And limbs have trembled while lips said,
To part from thee we promised, never.
But not the same is this cold clay;
We vowed such truth to-day, not morrow.
All with the form is laid away—
And more than Atheist whisper sorrow.

The threads of life are shrunken now.
O God! to clasp those clinging fingers
With warmth of life, and on the brow
No light, but where the sunset lingers.
Give back! give back! that supple grace
To limbs destined by fate to perish;
From rigid hands, death's marks efface
And give us back the which we cherish.

What power to triumph over hearts
By that Unseen who bids us mildly
Take warning as the tempest parts
With black, engulfing darkness wildly.
The grass that grows beneath our feet
We choose to tread upon so blindly,
Shall yet proclaim us where we meet
In preference all, not so unkindly.

But soon the tide of life is spent,
Which ends the same with grief, or laughter,
Whichever God hath to us sent
Through waves before, or currents after
We reach through all the yonder shore.
Though barques delay from day to morrow,
God grant the Infidel may pour
His unbelief in earthly sorrow.

MY KING.

I work and sing, my listening, beating heart
A triumph waits, my fingers fly
In ecstasy. The hours to minutes start,
And waiting with clasped hands, I wonder why

He does not come, my patient, toiling one.
A tiller of the soil is he,
And though our breezy attic chills the dawn,
We have Faith's kingdom, Hope's fidelity.

I start. A step ascends the creaking, winding stairs;
My breath comes fast; a well-loved voice I hear
Breathing my name; a stalwart arm upbears
My trembling form; I cling without a fear

To that fond breast. The twilight turns, a stream
Of sunlight falls across the opening;
The attic glows a palace, 'tis no dream,
Before me stands my own heart's love, my king.

THE YOUNG POET.

Poet child, with the sweet, sad face
Whose mystic charm but lends thee grace,
Has sorrow decked thy pale young brow?
And Phantasy claims its victim now.
Have visions old lain by thy side
When in the crib thou didst abide?
With worlds or spheres, which were thy lot?
And of the world thou owned, forgot
When eyes mused on thy sleeping form
And lips touched thine, so loving, warm,
Didst dream an angel from her place
Had wandered to thy mother's face?
And tiny arms uplifted near
Beside thy dreams thou loved most dear
What inner sight revealed to thee
Such thoughts of vast immensity?
That weighed thee down, while youth was young
And left to warble songs, unsung
The world was not to thee, betimes
In childish accents lisped ye rhymes.
Does earth or heaven claim thy joy,
Whichever one thy thoughts decoy?
Know Fate has promised to her own
But one ambition, one alone.
Ye cannot be a man alway,
And yet a bird with tuneful lay,
The mind that soars above its own
Must leave its fellow-creatures lone.
On words of love, ye must depend
To sympathize unto the end.

A VOICE FROM THE MULTITUDE.

When millions teem along the busy street
Throbbing with life, come linger near,
And disenchant thyself. Watch gain, defeat
Struggling for mastery here.

Ye praise that noble span with arched necks,
Fleet-footed pair to serve mankind.
Not all, not all. They shy at misery's wrecks
And leave the cripple far behind.

Mark well that ancient tower of copied fame
Borrowed from age. Its columns lure
Praise from unfeeling hearts, that structure same
But keeps the sunlight from the poor.

We see, and feel the wonders time has wrought
Within our world, each deaf'ning change
Has turned men's hearts until we are forgot;
Remembered still would be more strange.

And yet within their coffers lies our wealth
Tarnished from age. Its luxuries see
Bespotted o'er our lives, our feeble health.
Man's world its triumphs find. Defeated we.

THE TWO BARQUES.

Down the Ocean of Time a vessel came sailing proudly,
Pride on her every mast, though the waves roared round
her loudly.
A gentle breeze was wafted from her motion in the air;
Tho' it swelled to a blizzard's sweep what would that frig-
ate care?

Back through the storms of years a vessel comes drift-
ing sadly.
No cannon boom from her stern tho' the waves leap
round her madly.
Engulfing winds surround her. Can this barque be the
same?
Poor frail and battered hulk, was the sea or the helms-
man to blame?

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Joy to thee, keen riser,
With thy keener song,
That flowing like a geyser
From thy throat so strong,
Bids us imitate thy noise devoid of wrong.

Soaring high and gladly
Feels thy way up yonder;
Leaves us wondering sadly
Where thou next will wander.
Singing, always singing, never stops to ponder.

Thro' the moonshine gleaming
On thy glossy wings
Like mellow lamplight streaming
O'er transparent springs,
So goest forth to greet the melody thou sings.

What rapture in thy pinions
Ruffled by the breeze!
All thine the vast dominions,
Floating where thou please,
O'er thy native woodlands or cool foreign seas.

How in the pallid gloaming
Of eve's ethereal star,
Thou seem'st a spirit roaming
The hills of earth afar,
Until the glowing dawn their purple beauties mar.

The earth and hills re-echo
Thy soft, melodious tone,
Like distant music's overflow
With a bevy of their own,
Which embodied in thy form is joy and love alone.

What thou know'st we know not.
Seest thou earth's all,
Cliffs that hidden, wilds unsought
Hover neath thy joyous call.
No earth's shackles bind thy vested thrall.

Fairy sprite in birdlike guise,
Tell me where thou wint'rest.
Hast thou portals in the skies
Where thou ent'rest for the test?
For sure earth never doth enclose thy zest.

Song's gay rapture varies
In its wild refrain;
But thy bosom never wearies,
Chanting forth delicious strain,
Sings the rhythm, then returning sings again.

What secrets new and olden
Hear'st thou in air?
While painted on the golden
Star-flecked clouds so rare
That a misty moonbeam seems hov'ring o'er thee there.

Thro' the weeds and rushes
Floating o'er the main,
If thou likest hushes
Song that knows no pain,
That buried now bursts forth in rhapsody again.

O'er the vast unclouded spheres
Do no thoughts arise
Of the future's troubled years,
When the cloudlets dim thine eyes,
Seeking vain an answer to the dull surprise?

MORTALITY.

Same as the clouds wand'ring to the evening sky,
So do our pleasures vanish in the end;
Each giving way to nature ere we die,
In sequent care all earthly mixtures blend.
Mortality, once the mainspring of life,
Shrinks to corruption, wherefore gaining peace
Scorneth defiance 'gainst labor's humble strife;
While earth that gave them all, claims all on decease.

Years do enhance the wisdom found in youth,
As Time furrows ridges in the thoughtful brow;
Weeps for the past, and loath to own the truth
Of age apparent, to which kings must bow,
And yet this wisdom sought for means sublime
Shall propagate and shoulder time with time.

COMMUNING WITH THEE.

Through the mists of the briny ocean,
Through the depths of the soundless sea
With its constant billowy motion,
My soul would commune with thee.

And communing would tell of its sorrow
No word in the language can know;
Its passionate waves could I borrow,
How softly the rhythm would flow.

From the depths of my love I would proudly
With the length of remorse measure thine.
While the waves of the ocean roar loudly,
Thy soul is another's, not mine.

INNOCENCE.

Sweet innocence, with lips apart, and childlike brow,
Woe unto him who perverts that holiness now
And blots the light of heaven from a mind
That trusted all alike, all humankind.
Who feels with keener mind distrust of all
Than him awakened by illusion's fall?

What crime so great, so guilty, could there be
In childhood's eyes, what rash intensity?
Than this misunderstanding, half of shame
And shyness new, for which he has no name.
To be discovered thus, and mourn the fate,
Proves half God's wisdom to thee has been sate.

And woe to him who damped illusion's hope
And sowed dissension's seed within the scope
Where God was meant to be, where happiness lay
To be upturn by one with mould of clay.
God pity thee, tho' great and by the world defiled,
For thou wert poor in riches by that child,

RUINS.

As ceaseless dripping wears the hardest rock,
Disclosing seams and scars untold, by shock,
And lays each fibre bare throughout its length—
So unconfided misery saps the strength.

EVER AND ONLY.

Duty ever is duty
Though the will retains its source.
But beauty only is beauty
When the soul directs its course.

SPRINGTIME.

The fair morn widening as a leaf
Its shrinking fold outcreases;
Brings summer's hope and chases grief
To where the winter ceases.

The birds have come, their mellow tones
Send gladness through the season,
And in our hearts whose dreary moans
Escape and leave no reason.

While in the glowing, rustling trees,
A breath of incense stealing
Wafts perfume o'er the quiet breeze
And softens nature's feeling.

A downy calm is in the air
That almost seems of sorrow.
I wonder if no peace was there
Would we long for the morrow?

The distant hills, the blooming glades,
Have tasted earth's vast sweetness
And with the forethought beauty fades,
They charmed the groves with fleetness.

'Tis strange that only yesterday
An April sun was shining;
The birds sang on each leafy spray
With glee and mirth entwining.

Now in the present morn's array
The breath of May's unfolding;
Thus oft we age a year a day
Through sorrow's vain upholding.

All winter grief from summer's mood
Should vanish with the weather,
And leave, where chilling anguish stood,
Hope's blessings linked together.

I drink the fragrance of the hour
Embalmed in nature's keeping,
And bear its sweetness to the bower
Where winter's form lies sleeping.

THE FIREFLY.

Unwearied through evening's gloaming,
Thy pale light guides the way,
As a wanderer vaguely roaming
The plains with a beacon ray.

The years have not dimmed thy lustre,
Nor armed thee with frailer dawn;
As with the bright forces that muster,
Thou recklessly hurriest on.

*
* * *

Thus be my life with brightness blent,
To lead me o'er the darkened way
Until the light of heaven is sent,
And guides me to Eternal day.

NIGHT AND MORN.

O! sweet is the night when to slumber I go,
Far from the world in my sleep's peaceful flow;
And sweet is the morn when from slumber I wake
And glide back to earth on my spirit's calm lake.

How sweet then is life both in sunshine and rain.
Whate'er we may suffer, peace follows the pain.
The clouds that outburst in their sombre control,
In time shall drown anguish immersing the soul,

In cloudlets as fair as the still morn's array,
When sunrise is stealing o'er earth's dusk decay,
Then tranquil the breeze after life's stormy main,
That wafts us to heaven and happiness again.

THE DERELICT.

Take note beneath the leaden sky
Of yonder frigate hovering nigh.
Her breathless hush might strike the heart,
So much of gloom doth she impart.

Oh say! Oh say! where can it be
Her place of port, her destiny?
Her darkened shrouds might wave a pall
To screen the decks deserted all.

The night fog lies athwart her bow
Like a benediction soft and low.
Her silent calm as it rose and fell
Be broke by the swaying fog-girt bell.

And her shadowy hull looms up in sight,
Streaked with the rays of pale moonlight
That glistening o'er her charms anew
The strange, weird sight of the day's review.

Black are her sails as the wintry blast
Sweeps and tears at her clinging mast.
Pale are the shadowy forms that play
On the shadowy decks by night and day.

Where are her sailors, what is her doom?
From the port of hope to a watery tomb.
Where is the crew that her greatness gave
Access to ride on the boundless wave?

What scourge has emptied the silent bark,
What corpses sank from it stiff and stark?
Was it a crew of pirates bold
That fighting sank with their precious gold?

Then swiftly speed from this rocking boat;
No answer comes from her stern afloat,
And our echoes die upon the sea,
While she responds with her mystery.

RETRIBUTION.

Thou camest not to me, when in dire woe
My poverty held thee aloof. Is it not so?
Now I have treasures, and thou art come
Gazing with envy on my beauteous home.
Were there a man sincere, though in distress,
I would choose him for my friend, and daily bless
His life's usurping cares; for naught besides
Could bind my heart to his. Whate'er betides
His luckless days, should cross my path as well.
O! gentle, trusting heart, come with me here to dwell.
No, not for paltry gold wouldst thou bestow
One atom of affection. For the glow
And sheen, that sometimes passeth in an hour
Then from my tearful pleadings shrink and cower.

Thine aim is true and good, thou would'st not strike
A fallen foe, thy motives how unlike
Yon cowardly knave who gloating o'er my wealth
Now seeks to win my confidence by stealth.
He knows I know his heart is bleak and bare,
Yet ventures boldly in. What doth such care
If but the outward surface gain applause?
While all is vile within from nature's cause.
His perjured lips shall taunt my rags no more,
Nor will he cross the threshold of my door.
I would not have thee now, I spurn things low,
I loathe and scorn thy hollow friendship. Go!

FAR FROM HOME.

Far from my cherished home to-night I rest,
Far from the hand of fate, which spurred me on
To scorn defeat, from her who turned to jest
My faltered vows ere every hope had gone.

Far from the home where lisped at mother's knee
My simple prayers or dropped a childish tear,
Far, far, from all, but never far from thee,
Not farther now than when I once was near.

THE COTTAGE BUILDERS.

Softly falls the glistening timber
From its parent soil.
Threat'ningly, with branches limber,
Yields to useful toil.
Through the forest's sheltered region,
One by one, they stand
Like an army's conquered legion,
Bowed to weapon's hand.

O'er the sky of grayish beauty,
Sombre though it be,
Stern redbreasts make labor duty
In each fallen tree.
And the wild gray goose is screaming
To its sullen mate,
Where an islet small is gleaming
'Cross the river's gate.

Gone the traces of cold winter
And each day succeeds
Warmer breaths through crystal's splinter
O'er the frosty meads.
Noiseless are the builders creeping
From their huts of boughs,
Thickened nets of wild grass creeping
O'er the tethered scows.

Soon the noise of smothered thunder
Drowns each hasty stroke,
And with branches torn asunder
Quainter echoes woke.
In that forest old and hardy
From its lonely state,
Grander than the elms tardy
At a rich man's gate.

Scented pine, and airy maple,
Prostrate side by side.
Freed the latter from the staple
Whence the sweet drops glide.
Thirsty yet the stream is stealing
To the naked earth;
For destroyer's axe revealing
Uses of its birth.

Hear the music of the pine trees
From their lonely height,
Rolling like the sombre high seas
To a weird delight.
Wonder not then hearts of pleasure
Roam the silent plain;
Naught so sweet as nature's treasure
Chanting each refrain.

But how true each member misses,
At his fireside's glow,
Sweetest of all home's sweet blisses,
Childhood's mirthful flow.
But the power of future gladness
Brings a milder taste
To the hearts of frozen sadness
In this weary waste.

While the homesick tear oft glistens
On some ruddy cheek,
Still a voice of music listens
To its volume meek;
And at night still sweeter echoes
Thrill the wooded grove,
When a prayer to heaven o'erflows
From the fount of love.

Through the forest's starry skylight
Night birds take the tone,
And from glen to glen, the twilight
Breathes a calm its own.
Ears shall list while lips are praying,
Silent may be some;
For in silence speaks God's saying
And great faith is dumb.

Altars not surround the twenty
Men, or more who kneel;
Nature's offerings here are plenty
Kindred thoughts to feel.
And what matters to Him incense
If the heart be right?
Souls like these be recompense
For the off'rings light.

In one year from this dim gloaming
Watch well yonder shore.
Say there hearts whose quickened roamin
Tells of hardships o'er.
Peace and plenty speak in whispers
To each bosom full,
Of the silent, praying lispers
When the birdsongs lull.

Gathered close near fiery embers,
For the nights are cold,
Nearer in this wild than members
Of the cultured fold.
Speak they ling'ring thoughts of daytime
From their shadowed den,
And the homes, the coming gay time
Ease their hearts again.

DESIDERATUM.

I stand with lips apart, and watch the mill
Of fate grind out my portion's toll;
And though I madly long, with giant's will
To grasp the lever, yet I must control

Impatience, which would hurl me to my doom
Before I know the truth, thou hast not told
To me in words, but through the silent gloom
The ghosts of doubt have crept, me to enfold.

I crave to know the worst, that all may cease—
This endless hoping and suspense, that give
A life of torture; from those cruel bonds release
And crush me now, so once more I may live.

THE RICH UNCLE.

"Bind on thy pearly necklace, and change this sombre
robe
For one of silken texture; though its costliness may
probe
The contents of my purse-strings, I would have thee look-
ing fine
To greet thy rich old uncle, who'll reward thee, daughter
mine.

And Mary there so ugly, I would that she were fair
With the same vermilion-tinted cheek, and wavy, golden
hair."

"No, mother, no," the younger cries, "I would not have it
so;

For but one must be his heiress, and that myself I trow."

Thus spake up selfish girlhood, with never a thought of
harm

Against her nobler sister, whose duties, cold or warm,
Kept off the starving wolf-band, and pledged the weary
way

With charity and meekness, the infirm and the gray.

Whose head was raised in sorrow, and pity glazed the eye
Where many a tear had glistened in the struggling days
gone by,

When poverty and labor, had travelled side by side,
Bestrewing thorns and thistles where'er her hands defied.

No hoard of precious jewels, nor gems of gleaming light
Did she crave from the absent kinsman, who would be
with them to-night;

But a heart of love and pity, overflowing with kindly
mirth

Did she long to rest by her fireside and gladden her
wretched hearth.

"He will come in dress of broadcloth and a splendid coach
and four;

And thou, my fairest daughter, must ope the sliding door
To greet thy dead sire's brother from the land of quaint
Japan,

Where he hoarded his hard-earned treasures as only a
miser can."

"O! fie thee, fie thee, mother, what care we if he scrimped
and saved

To fuel his great ambition and the wavering hardships
braved?

For us, for us, was his strength extolled,"—and the sister
o'er her task

Thought it was not a heart of stone in exchange her
friend would ask.

"There is no doubt about that," the sage mother replied,
"For thou shalt be his heiress, and yet a great man's
bride.

In robes of royal purple thy form shall be arrayed
And a circlet of amber jewels on thine ivory neck displayed."

O! hark: what is that knocking on the unused kitchen door?

Only a tramp in tatters, that seems from a foreign shore
And an angry frown on the fair face shone as she ordered him quick away,

Saying, "Beggar old, such we harbor not, and here thou needst never stray."

But stay—a warm hand grasped her, and thrust her form aside,

And a low voice sweet and gentle to the beggar's words replied:

"We are not rich, no truly, but if that can aid thy woe,
Thou art welcome to it humbly, it is all I can bestow."

And a nickel found its shelter in the pauper's hardened palm,

But never a sign of hunger shone in the eyes so calm;
Another light in their clearness dawned as his voice replied,

"I am thy father's brother and in thy house shall abide."

"Pray pardon these wretched garments, for time I had not to change,

And bemoaning my homesick loneliness I felt they could ne'er estrange

The tie of my kin's affection, when brought to their kind review

Through them, not wealth in abundance I have learned the false from the true."

And what of the beauty's anguish, when fluttered away such wealth

From her grasp to the plainer sister, who treasured it not by stealth?

From the shattered towers of her castle, she scorned in hate to deride

And like a great many others learned wisdom through fallen pride.

ABANDONED.

Idly we're drifting, the sails are unfurled,
Idly our barques roam the length of the world.
Be it our fault in the treacherous gloom
If breakers ahead speed us on to our doom?

THE SCENE.

The daylight streams across the hills
So gently rising through the mist;
A flood of light its glory spills
Athwart the waking earth, now kissed
With rosy dawn: a perfect sight.
And all day long the shadows play,
For out of day we pass to night,
And out of night we pass to day.

Our lives are rising gently o'er
The cultured slopes, and valleys wide,
A peaceful scene, a dreamy lore
Be wafted on the breeze's tide.
An earthly balm till shadow's breath
Creeps o'er the edge in stormy strife;
For out of life we pass to death,
And out of death we pass to life.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Hark! the Christmas chimes are tolling
As I wander slowly home.
Back the risen years are rolling,
Creeping through the snowy foam.
Soft the beauties of the season
As I gaze with weary eyes,
Vainly grasping for the reason
Of the dear, departed joys.

Swiftly now the years seem driven
By a hand of mighty strength.
Into them with spirits riven
Float we through the dismal length.
Where the thrill of boyish pleasure?
Keenest in our boyhood's den,
Where we frolicked at our leisure,
Yet the eve's as bright as then.

And the stars still glisten ever,
Shedding flecks of golden light
Far across the frozen river
Where the chimes speed in the night.
Why do years and hopes go quicker?
Time that once seemed all too slow
Yearn no more for Yuletide's flicker
Bringing sorrows in its flow.

Now no Fairy-father meets us
With his load of precious toys;
Now no stirring hurrah greets us,
Presents for the girls and boys.
Now the pale moon shines no brighter
Than it did a month before,
Yet one time the world seemed lighter
And this night like none of yore.

Why instead of mirth and singing
Comes to me a spell of woe?
Why not join the joybells ringing,
As they flutter to and fro?
Has the heart I held in childhood
Changed through years without acclaim?
And the memory's calling withstood,
For each thing appears the same.

Once the sprigs of manhood flourish,
Flutter far the flowers of youth,
Leaving naught but care to nourish—
Few will own the bitter truth.
Wealth, ambition, crown your errors,
Freedom's gift will not remain;
But at Christmas slay those terrors—
Let me be a child again.

THE HUNT.

Adown the glade and o'er the lawn
The noisy, sweeping crowd rushed on.

With prancing steeds, whose armour's bore
For crests fair damsels by the score.

And lordly knights with conscious eye
Of mounted pride's deep chivalry.

The dogs let loose, a charging host,
That in the thicket plunged and lost,

Save streaks of foam upon the grass
Flung from their nostrils as they pass.

With gleaming teeth, and eyes of fire
Infection caught from mankind's ire.

A wolfish pack of fiends that wear
A canine semblance 'neath their hair.

Of ermine-tinted, spotless hue,
As urging onward gained anew

The steep hillsides, the clinging mass
Of stunted poplars, where alas!

Poor Reynard, mad with fear and strife,
Ran for his life, and the hounds for life.

The noisy brook went babbling by
Unconscious of the tragedy

That fleeing, drifting, in its wake
Should rouse its murmurs for sport's sake.

And speed its echoes through the rim
Of mounted charges, warlike, grim.

Pursued they boldly hill and plain
Till swampy ridges loomed again.

'Neath clattering hoofs, whose reckless haste
Defiant spurned the dangerous waste.

The fox stopped short in yonder glen
To wonder at the game of men

Then boldly sprang with vigor borne
And fresh renewed from bay and horn.

Through marsh and coppice wound the stream
Of idle revellers' hurrying gleam.

While Reynard's short but fatal blunder
Of pausing, made him vaguely wonder

If pondering was worth a fee
When life must pay the penalty.

Anon through countless alleys wide
With horses plunging, side by side,

And leaping stiles where anxious grain
Awaited the onslaught's vigorous train,

Rode cultured dames whose ample pride
Upheld the lineage that denied

Poor Reynard's boast of freedom's laws
But gathered strength to urge the jaws

Of canines' wrath, a heedless pang
Might mingle with the shouts that rang

Their wild hurrahs! as plainly seen
Their tortured victim cross the green

Where serried troops, in mail arrayed
With fashion's pomp, the scene surveyed.

The tangled brush be used to throw
Discord between the swift and slow.

The climax aye! must come at length
When robbed poor Reynard of all strength

Returns again whate'er he would
And meets his fate where first he stood.

Now mankind's prowess won at last
And Reynard's cunning had surpassed

By beaten strokes; the agile form
That no more roams through shade and storm.

Not even for door-mat, hall or bower
For dogs tore piecemeal foxship's dower.

BLESSING OF HOPE.

While on life's highway oft I pause
To note the strangeness of it all,
The throbbing hope. Is it because
We know the heavens never fall?
Is it because the sunken night
Raises a brighter, grander day?
But hope we will till heaven's flight
Grasps our soul and soars away.

It matters not if o'er our path
The thorns of life are thickly spread;
We crave the flowers another hath,
And hope till hope itself be dead.
A fairer life we all expect
To crown our years in later days.
What selfish woes we would reject
To turn to brightness all our ways.

A fair maid treading o'er the waste
Finds in her wake a saddened dream;
Hopes yet a sweeter draught to taste
Of life's mysterious flowing stream.
And he with crimes of leaden hues
Hopes for a pardon, and respite
From death's cruel terror, when reviews
Sins that e'en look black in his sight.

In childhood's wreath the flower of hope
Gleams brightly through the tender years;
When withered, torn, the empty scope
Bears buds seen through our falling tears.
And thus the aged garden holds
This plant renewed, when all is said
To pluck, and bear beyond the folds
For better die, when hope be dead.

SOUL OF THE ARTIST.

Why list ye to that ethereal sound?
What pleasures find in the heavenly strain?
Have ye known of love, or sorrow, or pain?
For without there is naught to be found.

Has Hope's dull grief or anguish ever been
Added to thine earthly care?
If such were but unsavoury food, I ken
Why poets are so rare.

Though all life long, the tired soul sings
Its woes; the doleful sound can but express
One-half the tone of these sage triplets' weariness
Heralders of Hope's defeat. From these the artist
springs.

And if ye found but one sweet in thy sight
Then marvel not that I play to-night.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Whither thou so bright and fair,
Swimming thro' the rosy air?
Dost thou seek for sweets, or what
Else, or something that forgot?
Thou art looking everywhere
Peering yonder, here and there.

Aye! what artist deigned thy coat?
Flecked it gaily as the throat
Of a wren, with shrill rejoice;
Differs that thou hast no voice,
Save the motion of thy wings
Gliding to the honey springs.

Dainty, harmless as thou art
Couldst thou not have found a part
In the flowery climes ye fed
Where to rest thy weary head?
Or to bide thy tiny sails
Flashing thro' the flow'ret gales?

Which, of all the seasons here,
Dost thou sail for warmer sphere?
O'er the land or o'er the sea
Thou must sojourn tranquilly.
Naught excites thy pensive mood,
Soaring bright in solitude.

Flowery meads invite thee there
Where thy sister blossoms are
Lighting on the perfumed rose,
Dancing off without repose,
Where her dainty brethren meet
To the aster's cool retreat.

Do thy bright hues ever fade
Floating gaily thro' the glade?
Surely not, how could thy heart
Be so light, if from thee part
All thy mixtures, sages tell
Couldst thou, wouldst thou feel so well?

EVER THE SAME.

I wandered out one morn, and stood
Beneath the lonely elm tree
And wondered vaguely if it could—
So vaguely—if it could be she?

I saw no change, the sky looked fair,
A dream of loveliness and rest;
And birds were warbling everywhere—
They mocked my sorrow with their zest.

My head I raised, a scalding tear
Dropped noiseless down, with burning tread;
Though blurred I saw the castle drear
Where lay my darling, cold and dead.

And still the birds sang gently on,
Though echoes sad o'er hearts did creep;
'Tis thus they'll sing till life is done,
And life will sing, when death must weep.

PEACE.

My life was filled with visions,
A useless, idle dream
That swamped all peace Elysians
And sank them in the stream

Whereon my barque lay floating,
Laden with precious lore
Of greatness, and with gloating
Ambition at the oar.

It steered my vessel proudly,
Till stranded on a reef
Where waves roared long and loudly
And brought my hopes to grief;

Till winds veered down in seizures
And sought the ship's release
That bore away my treasures—
But ah! it left me peace.

THE HUNTER.

The long, dark river is winding
Through its sullen track afar;
The flash of its spray is blinding,
And its thunder, deafening war.

All is silent and lone between it
And the hut where the hunter lies.
The lengths of pine-wood screen it
Till the wrath of the storm-god dies.

High up the hunter is hiding
From where he can safe descry
The pace of one softly striding,
For a wandering panther is nigh.

So softly he treads, and slowly,
Unconscious is nearing his doom
With grace revolving, and lowly,
Nor seen through the deepening gloom.

The eyes of a watchful figure
Crouched low in the tangled trees,
With hand firm pressed on the trigger,
Speeds forth a life on the breeze.

Thus glide we through life's vast forest
Where the stream is sullen and low,
And by treading ways that are sorest
We creep both careless and slow

Till gleams of a watchful vision
We view with abated breath
Sunders our lives' cohesion,
And we know the hunter is Death.

TONIGHT.

To-night I sit in the shadow,
To-night I sit by the sea,
Awaiting, awaiting the vision
That will never come back to me.

To-night I have felt my weakness,
To-night I have known my youth
Was slipping out of its armour
And donning the wretched truth

Of age, and its yearning portion,
As I sit by the sobbing sea,
Bemoaning, bemoaning the chances
That will never come back to me.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

The song of the blackbird is gay,
As thrilled from the sycamore tree;
And sweet is the lark's merry lay,
But never as sweet can it be

As when love and I roamed together
And heard the melodious tone
From brakelets, and soft purple heather
Where now I am roving alone.

The bloom of the bluebells is rare,
Their fragrance is lasting and sweet;
But for all I remember the care
Which crushes the glories I greet.

So the blackbird may sing from his tree,
And float his rich sonnets along,
Awarbling his echoes; ah me!
I hear but a sweet, mourning song.

THE LAPWINGS.

Upon a soft and marshy heath there stood
A clustered flock, a noisy lapwing brood;
And as I neared, around, about my head
They circled close, and closer till they led
My listless and my weary feet astray.
"Pewit!" the lapwings cried, and soared away.

I patient followed, not to be outdone,
As one with broken wing had slowly flown
Across my path, and wandered aimless, near,
Close to the ground, and by me here.
I stooped to grasp him where he idly lay
"Pewit!" the lapwing cried, and soared away.

Revealed the truth, when going back I found
Some tiny nests half hidden on the ground,
Which their keen artifice had sought to screen
From spoiler's eyes, and cunning safety glean.
To lead me past their structures' close array
"Pewit!" the lapwings cried, and soared away.

AD FINEM.

Is there one word, one look, one tone
Of thine I have forgot?
Though years have sped, and I alone
Have wandered purposely and prone
To seek retirement's spot.

Where in the depth of palmy vines
Those murmurs I could lose,
But 'neath the shade of scented pines
The memory round them still entwines
Nor crush it if I chose.

Ah! could I in my heart forget
That blissful past again,
Would not my life be happier set?
Or else a pang it feels not yet
Be added to its pain.

And thou alone, if I could know
Still in thy heart a place
Was kept, a heaven for me below
Would ope, and on my life bestow
A self-contented grace.

THE POWER OF FATE.

Night's shadows lowered deep, and I alone
Sat musing, idly journeying to worlds unknown.
When lo! from out the silence came a sound
Of murmured words. I heeded not the weird refrain
That seemed but a phantasy of my dulled brain
And exiled fancies stunned by thought's rebound.
Did not a form rise from the mists and stand
Exulting there, unshrinking by my side?
Trembling, I strove to rise. In vain. The phantom hand
Grasped mine and said, "I must with thee abide."

"I am cold sorrow, child, whom thou dost fear
With thy whole strength. Thy cloudless past
Shall shed no brightness o'er the future's cast
I mould for thee." I wept and murmured, "Hear.

"I am so young, so fair, I bid thee go.
I dare not contemplate a life of woe."
He laughed my words to scorn, and answered, "Nay,
Where'er thou go there will I go alway."

"O! travel not with me," I cried in pain,
He smiling answered thus: "Dost thou not know
That thro' the road of suff'ring thou shalt gain
The Gates of Peace? This dismal earth below
Shall seem to thee but a mere speck or seed,
Where thou hast left thy thorns, poor, living weed."
I sobbed again, and in the hours of night
I begged for peace. "Alas! it cannot be.
From out of darkened gloom must come the light;
Such is our destiny.
And thro' the suff'ring night comes glory's day."
I slowly then and meekly bade him stay.

FLEETING MOMENTS.

Tiny moments borne forever
On the floating wings of time,
Thrusting back sweet hopes they sever,
Waft some nearer hopes sublime.

Short the hour, that seeming longer,
Bears a burden 'neath its drift.
Souls that crushed rise often stronger
From despair's huge gaping rift.

Strive thy duties with a holy
Countenance to meekly bear,
Tasks that great, or mean, or lowly,
Yield thee fruits if pruned with care.

Heed not life's departed sorrow,
Which perchance with careless tread
Crushed hopes; live for the morrow,
Raising other hopes instead.

Hail the bliss of living rightly
As a boon, and not a task;
Gather rays that hover brightly
'Neath the darkest cloudlet's cast.

On the sky of life's endeavor
Screening from us brightest view,
Shadows fade, nor last forever,
Leaving heaven's golden hue.

THE SWALLOW.

A fluttering 'neath the eaves
Caused me to start, and lo! a swallow came
To join its mate, laden with rich hued leaves
And dampened earth, nor blame

Had I, for this slight architect,
Who framed his bower 'neath my o'erhanging shed.
Secure the tiny earth-wrought tent that could reject
The raindrops dashing on its head.

So should man frame the life
'Twas given him to mould in trust, and plan
His wordly faith, secure from wind and strife,
'Neath heaven's sheltering grace to man.

DEAD ON THE VELDT.

Dead on the lonely veldt
Where the rippling Modder flows,
Under a burning zone,
Suffered they no one knows—
Alone. Alone.
Happy are they, and free
From earth's turmoil.
Restful far more than we
Mourning through toil—
Dead where their comrades dwelt.

Dead on the lonely veldt
Where the rising moon, her rays
Shed a bright glory o'er
The calm, sepulchred ways
Of Briton and Boer.
Peaceful are they, no tears
Be shed, where the Modder flows
Bearing with it the years
Of changeless, endless repose—
Dead where their comrades dwelt.

HOW CAN YE JUDGE?

How can ye judge? A noble mind
May dwell the inmost heart within.
Though scarred the features, and unkind
They seem to those they fail to win.

How can ye judge? A massive soul
May beam through eyes of faded hue.
An intellect may yet unroll
And raise to light its gifts of view.

How can ye judge? The winsome look
May hide a frown of selfish care,
That beaten to a sheltered nook,
While others claim smile's presence there.

How can ye judge? The scheming brain
And working mind be hid from sight.
Then slight ye none in weak disdain,
For saints may walk 'mid earth's dim light.

IN THE END.

When winter winds speed forth each frosty night,
And flowers and buds are wafted from our sight;
When every glowing thing is buried deep
In winter's cruel, cold, nocturnal sleep;
Still gleam the stars unchanged, as bright as yore—
So will our souls shine forth when all is o'er.

CHILDHOOD.

Childhood bright and young and fair,
Naught of trouble, naught of care,
How I wish that I were there!

Let them laugh in mirth and glee;
Nothing sweeter can there be
Than a child's simplicity.

Do not spoil them, make them bold;
You will rue it when they're old,
From their manners, proud and cold.

Be yourself a child again,
Share their sorrows, joy, or pain;
Show the love that others feign.

Deck them not in jewels hence,
Clothe them with their innocence;
Such be pleasing recompense.

When their minds with anger move,
Guide their thoughts to the Above,
Strictly led with chains of love.

Be though firm with manner mild;
Let no act pass and your child
Will respect you undefiled.

Let no harsh word e'er descend
On the helpless to defend;
Be a parent and a friend.

Rather speak, in accents low,
Gentle words that sink and flow
Safely to the depths below.

Teach them to uphold the poor
Seeking alms from door to door;
Strive to aid them more and more.

Teach them others' failures call
For assistance from them all,
Rather than gloat o'er their fall.

Nothing selfish should be let
Others' welfares to forget
Ere their own are rightly set.

In the end, when life is low,
You may safely let them go—
Models of yourself will show.

EVENING PSALM.

Softly now the shadows creep,
The night is on.
Soothe me well, O blessed sleep,
Till coming dawn.

My weary limbs I now will rest
With healthful doze;
This slumber here is but a test
Of death's repose.

The gleaming stars a vigil keep
O'er my head,
Like angel guardians, watch my sleep
While in bed.

I beg of God my soul to save
For Christ's sweet sake,
Whiche'er side of the grave
I may awake.

THE PRISONER.

Slowly he walks, with folded hands
And head bent low.
He reverently kneels, then rises, stands.
Why is it so?

Eight long years in iron bands.
Death is so slow.
All running out like desert sands,
Years come and go.

With stately tread, and saintly mien
His chaplain he awaits.
The warden now is slowly seen
To ope the gates.

His cell opes, the grating bound
Sinks in his soul.
Of iron tongues, that very sound
His death will toll.

Through iron bars, the prisoner speaks
In slow, sad strain,
For escape now, he never seeks,
He knows 'tis vain.

He listens well to hopeful words
Not for this life;
Words that entreat for his Lord's
Help in the strife.

Through lonely nights, his vigils keep
To watch the close
Of life's remorse, while others sleep
In sweet, calm repose.

With cares forgot, they slumber near,
No wish to break
Their troubled dreams, all will appear
Worse when they awake.

His comrades stern deserve their lot,
They sinned in vain;
Of blemished life, he hath not
Yet deserved a stain.

Some slumber well on iron cots,
No thoughts to keep
Their hardened hearts, with sinful spots
Ever awake to weep.

The dawning morn recalls the time
When life rose clear
As silver trumpets o'er the clime
Where all was dear.

The wind answers words of peace
To his heart's cry—
"If no hopes ever of release
Then let me die!"

The sun floods his darkened cell
With its bright rays,
Bringing him back to earth's hell
And its endless days.

His little earth wherein to breathe
Of life's foul breath
There are none who will wreathe
His brow in death.

BOYHOOD.

O! to roam through the grassy woodland
When the dew lies on every spray
To greet the warm sun on his errand
Of chasing the tear-drops away.

To hear the young squirrels' gay chatter,
As noisily perched on a bough
Screams defiance at boyhood's light patter
That 'neath him is ranged in a row.

To see the bright fishes dart thither,
As though the cruel hook would decoy
And leave the quaint tidbit to wither
Like the hopes of the fisherman boy.

A blessing upon his gay features,
Though tanned be his cheek, and his eyes
With merriment passing all creatures,
The same boundless realm decries.

And far through the soft, downy clover
His laughter is heard for a mile,
As under the fences and over
He speeds with the same joyous smile.

A stranger to books and to learning,
He revels in great nature's plan,
And gleans from the wilds with a yearning
Surpassing the wisdom of man.

What covert too great for his cunning
To eke out the prisoner inside?
With gun, and with dog by him running,
The tenants of forest defied.

To note the red star-birds' frail quiver
Alighting on branches and vine,
As trilling forth thanks to the Giver
For the fruits which around him entwine.

Or down through the blackberry ridges,
Where purpling o'er crevice and rock,
A-chasing the shy hornet midges
Or mocking the wild brooklet's talk

Sped I oft in the warm, glowing weather,
When rosy lights gleamed on the pink,
And soft drowsy ferns cared not whether
They slumbered, or leaned o'er the brink.

Plied my spade in the soft, level furrows,
Or raked with the laborers at hay,
Closed the home which the brown woodchuck burrows,
Nor wearied, for work was mere play.

Saw the robin's wee cherubs each morning
Dropped crumbs for the sparrows at play;
Gave chase to the fireflies adorning
The apple trees over the way.

Grew grave with my elders at tea-time,
Held gravity at my command;
Thought that manners and speech were sublime,
And yet at the moment expand

Into gay, silvery laughter of boyhood
That knew not a care nor a pain;
And there where the bright linchens stood
I oft wander in visions again.

And see not the deep, dusty highway,
Or the noise of a proud moving world
Dins in my ears, but a child's play
Back on the calm air is whirled.

How strange the most innocent queries
Still chase their refrain in my mind,
When blemished with nuts and with cherries
I craved for the thoughts of mankind.

A thousand such echoes of pleasure
Roam over my fancies at will,
Till I wonder and ask at my leisure
Whose fault we are not children still?

OBLIVION.

Deep in the clay where the willow weeps near thee,
Away from me, love, though our spirits are twain,
The twilights have deepened, but never dost fear thee
The shriek of the tempest or roar of the main.

Alone would I dwell on the past's luring fancy;
Alone would I grieve o'er the heart's endless wail;
But others must share in the joys that enhancy
My thoughts, though so empty, that cover the pale.

O heart that I cherish 'neath blossoms of heather,
O eyes where I gazed and saw life's fairer side;
And things that thou loved, dear, I worshipped **them**
whether
Their natures were ugly or chilled by the tide.

No light in my pathway has gleamed since thou left **me**;
Though flowers bloom in radiance, the dark earth **is**
chill;
And through memories' torture has grief oft bereft me
Of senses that glow in the firmament still.

And now do I know how existence is nourished
With the calm of despair and a future beyond.
The truths now so plain that I once mocked **uncherished**,
Teach me to live, to thy sweet life respond.

Though June has oft wandered, a sweet glowing vision,
Caressing its portal with garlands of hope,
Ah! cold anniversary, when thou sought thine Elysian
And left me alone with life's anguish to cope.

Though I leave thee, fond bosom, my aching heart **never**
Will roam from thy side in its sorrow and pain
And forget thee. O anguish! the bonds I must sever,
Or how could I dwell in this cold world again?

THE EMPTY CHAPEL.

I enter the chapel at mid-day;
Alas! she is not there.
From the western window, no ray
Gleams on her waving hair.

My heart fails with memory's entrance—
'Twas here I knelt by her side,
Praying for strength and deliverance
From faults her pure nature defied.

With sorrow how vainly we grapple
Till grief overcomes us in floods.
Alas! my heart and the chapel
Forever are twin empty voids.

THE MAPLE FOREST.

We loitered to the maple woods
That bound our meadow lea
And o'er the leaves and flowers and buds
The sun shone bright and free.

The soothing winds half calmed our fears,
That childhood's efforts vain
Are wont to throw with strangled tears
O'er hedge, and field, and plain.

Beyond a clump of firs, there rose
With mingled shrieks, a partridge brood;
We broke their noiseless noonday doze,
And nerves that chained us where we stood.

We paused upon the mossy bank
That skirts the tiny waste
Of babbling brook, which rose and sank
And left a fresher draught to taste.

How still it seemed! The drowsy tone
Of humming gadflies stirred the breeze.
I almost longed to be alone
And hear the sighing of the trees.

Woodpeckers drummed upon the bark
Of ancient giants' pitted lobes,
Which towered above us stiff and stark,
Like monarchs in their festal robes.

A spirit of delight was there,
Infusing magic happiness sweet
That joined its hands and breathed a prayer
To guard us in our cool retreat.

Strange our peace and strife are bound,
Linked by nature's calm;
O'er our lives, and o'er the mound
Nature doth the wounds embalm.

A glassy pool lay on the ground,
Reflecting trees and sky,
Like mermaids' caves that underground
Are girdled from on high.

We bathed our hands, and laughed with glee,
As sparkling raindrops threw,
That gleamed on leaf and stem and tree
And grass like silvery dew.

The youthful daffodils had grown
To stately height and power,
That scorned his beeship's steady drone
And entrance to their bower.

A boundless depth of light appeared,
Infusing earth and sky,
Then sank behind the clouds that reared
And like a noiseless human sigh

Dyed grass and shrubs a vivid green,
Wherein the dark earth rolled
Like waves of land that move unseen
To join the ocean cold.

To every deep-veined leaf was lent
A richer hue of tender green,
That with its autumn tints was blent
A mixture like a fairy queen.

The picture changed, but with it came
A rumbling o'er the place we stood;
The wilds stirred not, we thought so tame,
Nor thrilled the monarchs of the wood.

The mountain view crept nearer still,
As through the glade the windstorm crept
And chased before it leaves, until
They wandered where the maples slept.

Sweet thoughts of rest and joy combined
Should harbor e'en in such a place.
O! had I now the tranquil mind
And glade, what would they not efface?

The calm that broods o'er such a spot
Be welcome, though our natures are
Strangers; woes that soon forgot
Need no Elysium to soothe their care.

Unwelcome clouds draw night's array,
And now a shade o'er earth is cast;
Its brightness vanish ere we pray
That such a day could always last.

OLD AGE.

Like sunbeams engulfed in night's passing shade,
So doth old age creep nigh; like gentle sighs
Lulling the troubled spirit which never dies
With Eternal softness, and sparkling eyes fade,
While the over-sensitive heart from slights each day
Reveals some weakness, that scorning, to impatience led
Us to forget their helplessness but meekly paves the way,
And falt'ring limbs are treading ways we yet must tread.

LITTLE THINGS.

I threw a stone, 'twas a little thing,
But ah! it broke the tiny wing
Of a wood-brown thrush as it joyous sped
Across the leaves of the pansy bed.

I spoke a word, 'twas a small thing vain,
But it almost broke a heart in twain;
Two lives I had spoilt by a careless act,
Small it may be but a dismal fact.

Never to speak what others may rue,
Never to throw to a distant view;
For words may aim at an aching heart,
And stones pierce wings with a fatal dart.

THE SLEEPERS OF THE VALLEY.

They laid them down in the valley warm,
Where winds sweep not, secure from harm,
What envious rest from the mountain's storm.

The summer days are cool and dry,
As the creeping of winds go slowly by
To cheer their rest, when noon draws nigh.

The winding river that journeys on
Disturbs them not, for its race be run
Ere their rest is troubled, time will be done.

A cry of swallows is heard near by,
Causing a whirr as they swiftly fly,
That turns the violets breath to a sigh.

Brown butterflies cling to the goldenrod,
That under their weight bends nearer the sod;
But never a sign of earth that is trod.

Twilight's curtain may fall and hide
The view of the lonely mountain side,
But those weary companions still there abide.

Wrapped in a fleecy cloud, the moon
Steals from the sloping hill and goes on
Into the dusk of a buried sun.

To twinkle the night stars gently come,
As if to guide the wanderers home
To the beautiful valley where none may roam.

The night-owl hoots from under the hill;
Through day the sound of a robin's trill
Should rouse their voices so mute and still.

A wandering gull from the lonely lake
Swoops gently down on a reedy brake,
Its quivering form ne'er their slumbers wake.

But in the valley so sweet and fair
Is a resting place for whom enter there,
And a tranquil peace, so calm and rare.

GOLDIE.

She came thro' the clouds of a faultless day;
My angel, I called her, when seen.
She went in the night, when kneeling to pray
I called her my fair sainted queen.

I taught her lessons for seven short years,
But she gave me most in return;
Sweet violet eyes, so unshadowed by tears,
Save when sympathy in them would burn.

She taught me the lesson of love that flows
Through the channel of treachery, thin.
None can teach wisdom as firmly as those
Who know not of evil or sin.

She taught me to love in a way divine
Each mortal of earth wherefore known;
Taught me to seek with no worldly design
The friendship of each. My little one's flown.

Ay! flown to the realm where joyously feels
All the happiness she thought in life's dream;
And now understand I my Saviour's appeals,
Why like children, we ever should seem.

AT ANCHOR.

When idle winds drive forth the sails at noonday,
I would they turn to me for sport;
And with the same unconscious smile drift me away
And land me in some toil-forgotten port.
Refreshing waves would lap my weary feet
And cast their restful spell athwart again,
Soothing the heart's drear moan, while murmurs greet
Their selfsame echoes in the tired brain.
From earth's dull aspect turn I to the waves,
Beholding constant ardor; friendship dies
And mocks the power, once holding secret's caves,
Now doomed to wander forth and ruin ties.
Yon ebbing tides that sink and rise again
May mock the troubled mind but give no pain.

THE LONG AGO.

The moonbeams slept on a grassy mound
Where the silver dewdrops lay,
And dried with their glow on the mossy ground
The bright glistening tears away.

And said, "Weep not, for the morn is near,
And the night be sunk in woe;
Your grief be saved for the coming year,
Not spent on the long ago."

MEMORY'S ECHO.

Hark! the storm is loudly roaring,
Voices wailing through its din;
But to me they bring no comfort,
Sitting silent, lone within.
Draw my chair to the fireside,
Holding in my hand a toy,
But within its sacred precincts
Lurks yet my once greatest joy.

Flowers now so old and faded
That their perfume all is gone,
Save what memory casts around them,
And its halo can atone.
Aye! not nature, but the wearer
Shows their petals' blooming zest;
And the knowledge that I stole them
As they dropped from one proud breast

Dare enhance their precious beauty
As I fondle them to-night.
Ah! the touch, could it repay me
For the scorn and maddening slight
That I oft endured in silence
While you smiling passed me by,
Then to see another raptured
With the hopes that once seemed nigh?

And to hear the low-voiced murmurs,
Some with pity, some in scorn,
Framed my future with your absence
Did I wish I ne'er was born?
Blame me not if reason left me,
Calmer since I have become;
But those speakers oft I wonder
Could they e'er have felt my doom?

Else their sympathy should followed
And their pity silence told.
What cared I for cruel opinions?
I whose life had turned so cold.
I whose light had turned to darkness,
Smothered in the joyous smile
That you gave another's whisper,
Yet I saw, and lived the while.

And to-night I feel the anguish
As I did long, long ago;
But few knew, my pride held captive
Tears that oft would overflow.
Yet I prayed that you might ever
Happiness find though far from me.
Blossoms withered seek your casket
With the hopes so like to thee.

TO A ROBIN.

Thou art free, thou art free,
Bird of mortality,
Unenvious, bright,
Thou dost welcome all light.

Thy song is divine,
As 'tis free of design;
No triumph is sought,
But when finished forgot.

Sweet unisoned powers
That grafted in bowers,
Serene in thy pleasure
Thou sing'st at leisure.

Pray lend us thy note
And thy silver-lined throat;
Dost think 'twould be waste
If thou loaned us a taste

Of thy warm sparkling joy?
Would it murmurs destroy?
And a charm sweet ensue
Both the emblem of you.

Or would it be fraught
With our distressing lot?
Sweet birds of a name,
Thou'rt not looking for fame.

For thou know'st its worth,
Thou sublimest of earth;
In songs thou dost teach
What mortals would reach.

That fail to respond
To their efforts so fond,
And tho' bird of the air
Thou'rt richer in prayer

Than the monarchs of earth,
Than of pride's kingly birth.
Though riches has not
In thine efforts been sought.

Nothing owned thou hast all,
So near heaven canst fall;
Thy riches we prove
In thine innocence and love.

THE BOAT RIDE.

Our barque glides smoothly o'er cresting waves,
Tossing the foam back in watery graves.
The sails are set, for the wind is clear,
As idly we rove o'er the glassy floor
Whose mirrored extension is culled by the oar,
Which sweeping us onward will land at the pier.

The moon rides high in her vast domain,
And the stars as courtiers follow her train,
While sulph'rous moths with a drowsy hum
Encircle the rays of light, insum
That shadow us far through the murky tide,
Uprising like billows on every side;
Till gleaned from our sight, the waves below
Are vested in darkness, which overthrow
Aladdin's lamp with a noiseless crash,
While hearing above it the waters dash.

Gaunt bats encircle our heads with ease
And flap like living sails in a breeze,
And the whip-poor-will in a tuneless strain
Sings his never-ending refrain;
While rudely mocking his grim lament,
The night-owl echoes with grimmer content.
Far from the depths of an unknown waste
We heard the beetle's horn as we passed,
As gliding slowly through meadow and lea,
Where water-sprites mingle in innocent glee,
And laugh with the water's unechoing mirth,
Which never finds sympathy on this cold earth.

Fireflies flash in a mingled dream
Of darkness, and sunlight's varying beam
Hither with mingled scorn, and o'er.
The intrepid glow-worms upon the shore,
They wander in and out in a mass,
Lighting the dismal glens as they pass.
The mists have departed to catch their rest,
Ere the rising sun with a pitiless hand
Peeps over the purple mountain's crest
And sweeps them on with a blazing wand.

THE WORLD'S INJUSTICE.

The moon be sunk 'neath yonder envious clouds,
Obscuring rays that might have graced a diadem
Had they been polished; whilst jostling crowds
Would bow before the shrine enclosing them.

'Tis thus the world's vast peopled obvious height
Hides from her gaze obscured with malice' dart
A brilliant mind, and wastes its wild delight
On a gilded cask, that holds a thoughtless heart.

DEJECTION.

The day is bright, the earth seems fair;
A mellow light is on the sea.
Green herbs and wooded mountains wear
An after-shower's transparency,
While all their crested summits bear
Expectant hush of evening air,
Which drives the housing bats to nest
Far from the city's fretful rest.

I see the ocean's heaving breast
Bared to the sweeping, wandering breeze
That timidly hovers o'er it lest
Its caresses awaken the angry seas.
The moving waves, with a hiss and groan,
Mock the world in their hollow tone,
That thrilling through me tells my fate
To deafened ears now all too late.

Alas! all joy in life is gone!
How hard Past struggled ere it fled.
The peace now on my brow was won
Through hopes once cherished, but now dead.
While passing by I view life's waste,
As those within its pleasures taste;
In them, though knowing not of grief,
I see the wraith of former self.

But now e'en pain is soft and mild,
Like billows breaking on the beach;
Sweet calm succeeds their murmurs wild,
When taught the lore they came to teach.
And hope's despair has risen now—
Yea! left its seal upon my brow,
That furrowed with a life long care
Has sown the seed of judgment there.

My years are wasted, and I feel
Untimely age, though scarce has set
The sun's bright gleam of youth's appeal,
Which hovering round avails me yet.
One slender hope, one vague desire,
That mine existence' wrathful fire
Burn out complaints with lightning sheen,
And live the past, that might have been.

A DREAM.

I dreamed I wandered thro' a sunlit grove
Carpeted with moss. 'Twas all so fair
That peace was immortal, and happiness, love
And entwined old oaks lent example rare
To fellow-beings wandering in their way,
Nor did their close proximity lead astray.

There grew sweet-scented clover, and hawthorn,
Mingling in sweet companionship, along
The grassy knolls; their birthplace, born
Within the radius of harebells, and among
Lofty sunflowers, whose golden mitres bore
Traces of the sunshine's brilliant ore.

Violets raised their blue eyes to the sky,
That mocked them with its azure hue;
And cowslips nodded to the daisies' sigh,
As timidly fluttering was wafted through
A sense of rest and peace, which often steals
Unasked, unsought, thro' memories one feels.

Life is unlike the marvels that I dreamed,
Or visions seen thro' eyes' vast canopy;
For higher still, or so it seemed,
Was I uplifted. Albeit with the Deity
I moved not yet, altho' on higher plane
Than earth's vast level, or boundless main.

And hedgerows beamed with luscious eglantine,
Spreading its tendrils soft to catch the stem
Of gnarled old cedar, and columbine
Which hoarded with pine needles caught the hem,

And wafted forth its blossoms swathed in sheen
Of purple mignonette and ivy green.

Then yonder near the river's margin wide
There grew anemones and pennons white,
Streaked with the purple tints on every side,
And turning darkness to a silvery light
Which spurned the stars and caught reflection's glow,
Gleaming beneath the polished surface far below

And floating waterlilies, with transparent gaze.
Shed incandescent beams of watery light
Thro' shadowless dells formed in the haze
Of unseen fog, and shades of misty night.
Tho' gathered there invisible, obstruct array
Ere I had time to pluck a huge nosegay.

THE FADED MAYFLOWERS.

Grieve not that thy lives are done,
Or plucked from the mossy bed
Where thou once slumbered, but now art gone
To a place unknown with a noiseless tread.

A lifeless and withered heap now lies
In a gilded vase on a marble shelf;
For a few short hours it gladdened the eyes
Of others I loved beside myself;

Complaining not of their wearisome lot,
Teach me a lesson I fain would spread
Thro' the fields where murmurs are pruned and wrought,
Nor heed the odors a flower may shed.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight has come; the martens are asleep,
The drowsy bats flit through the silent air;
The croaking voice of frogs rise from the deep,
And twilight's tones make answer everywhere.
All calm, sweet sounds are blended now in glee,
Which make with one accord, a world of harmony.

THE VIOLET.

In a mossy dell a sweet violet grew,
Lashed by the hail and kissed by the dew.
So modest it was, grass covered the flower,
That made no feint to escape from its bower.
And the sun shone down in his pitiless strength,
And withered the blossom, and mocked till at length
The gentle flower drooped, and smiling in pain
It waited till sunset, and then rose again.

SOLITUDE.

The clouds are creeping fast along yon sky.
No tangled shreds be left behind to throw
Discord twixt the stars and moon, that lie
Serenely sleeping, unrestricted by the world below.
Now solitude creeps forth with noiseless tread,
Tremblingly, longingly, as might the dead.

The day that rose up gaily bright this morn
Now seeks its slumbers in earth's mossy bed;
Places its form carefully, lest any poisonous thorn
Pollutes its rest, and scorns the vials fed,
The potent charm, so mocking leads astray
Our feelings, fancies, wishing here to stay.

What softened tone is this that stealing past
Disturbs my dreams and makes me sadder yet?
Is it the voice of one whose spirit cast
To the wild wind now warns me to forget?
And scorning memory's voice so weakly vain,
Longs to warble dim echoes in the brain.

Inaudibly a sound thrills through my form,
And like helmed forces stems the vaulted waves
Of feeling, that soaring sharp to a solemn storm
Now hush the senses in their tranquil graves;
And nameless peace reigns round unmixed with dread,
Where we sit breathing thoughts spellbound and dead,

How oft in loving fancy do our senses sleep
And dream, and then awake to living tones

Of ecstasy; like half-strung lyres that weep
And laugh, and talk with hidden groans
Of mockery, touched with stern and unaccomplished
 hands
That yield no sweet caressing opiate wands.

Thus softened life is sweet, and silence blent
With our immortal woes, shrines never fall
Save from the light'ning tempests heaven-sent,
Or secrets deep interred in envy's walls.
So with a new-born peace we linger mutely by,
And feel an awful hush of what expectancy.

SIGNS OF AUTUMN.

By the dreary, falling mist,
Creeping o'er the azure sky,
When to peckers' drums I list,
Do I know the Autumn's nigh.
Through the murky, shadowed meadow
Lies its fleecy, pallid shadow.
Sleeping side by side with beauty,
And like winter softens duty.

A cooling zephyr fills the air;
Not a wind and scarce a motion
Left to stir the branches bare,
Or to fret the sleeping ocean.
But the alders by the river
Raise their drooping forms and quiver,
With the atmosphere encroaching
In their silent forests poaching.

Quaint attired in amber hues,
Purple, mauve and scarlet waves
Mock the fairest painted views,
Touched the same on hill and caves.
When the waters, restless leaping,
Waken from their foamy sleeping,
See each faultless grace bestowing
In the depths so lifelike glowing.

Hours seem shorter now each day,
Sooner creep the tints of eve;
Autumn's slumber holds its sway,
Time so narrow doth it leave.
Scarce is left us space for seeing
Fairy beauties, ere they fleeing
To the winter's wildernesses,
All those gleaming, golden tresses.

Now the forest shades do lie
Calm and tranquil in their rest;
Now the squirrels do we spy
As each corner they infest.
But the hunter's gun is booming
As he wanders careless, dooming
Each sage deer, that antler'd bounding
Shakes the woods with its resounding.

Now the fisher plies his net
Deep beneath the shallow pool;
Scon the finny herds forget
Lessons of the aquarium school.
As the trawl is lowered for binding
Precious mariners in its winding,
Learn to think with trap ascending
Man's great cunning, and pretending.

All along the ground is strewn
Chinquapins, and weedy rushes,
Logs and tops as yet unhewn,
Hinder progress through the bushes.
But the restless sun is sinking
O'er the evening's quiet blinking;
Solemnly 'neath clouds 'tis steering,
So I know the Autumn's nearing.

THE TIDE OF YEARS.

The tide is rolling on the beach,
The flurried boatman's echoes fade;
With nervous haste, the currents reach
Their destination's grim arcade.

Ah! weary time, whose patient tread
Seems longing for the final day
To crush the waves, beneath, o'erhead,
When earth and sun shall pass away.

For every day through ceaseless years
Thy waves have sparkled in the glow
Of sunshine, and through changing tears,
Which pleased God's Angel to bestow.

What changes drear, and pleasant dreams,
Commingled in the sunset's ray,
The ripple of a thousand streams
Each moving scene could scarce portray

The same things since the earth has been
A moving power of God's decree;
The things that have, and will again—
Bow to the kingdom's destiny.

Each changing season, night of frost,
And day with warm, unceasing showers,
Succeed the wandering morn, now lost
And autumn treads on summer's flowers.

Each golden sheaf of wheat is seen
More gilded by the dying sun,
Than ever waves of years hath been,
When life and all its cares are done.

And Winter's fine, embalming sphere
Shall course its path along the shore,
Nor shall escape the frosty bier
That bears earth's treasures on before.

But man alone shall view each scene,
And yet of thanks shall harbor not;
Accustomed to the same routine,
He ever owns what nature bought.

His childhood's eye has delved the space
Of nature, through each vanished age,
And from their limits, face to face,
The last reflects the primal page.

The funeral and the bridal hour
Have oft been set within the time
Of fate, which crossed their different power
And tears with laughter blended rhyme.

The weak and strong, the pomp and show
Of riches, brushed the beggar's pride
Some sank them in the stream below
While others struggled with the tide.

'Tis fate the stream has for its course,
'Tis fate that borders on its bank;
And God's good will that bounds the source
Unmindful so of world or rank.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not the world by one false wretch,
But rather seek for deeper trust
Within a heart, whose truth will teach
The soul of faith, and soul of dust.

We love the rose no less, because
One of its comrades fade and shrink,
And breathes decay, where blemish gnaws
The clinging bud, and breaks the link.

TRUE GENIUS.

A genius is the man who knows
How well to use what God bestows.
No matter be it loss or gain,
He sees his sunshine through the rain.

THE HONOR ROLL.

When history great unrolls its name
What powerful one will head the same?
What benefactors known or missed
Shall stand the highest on the list?

A menial's name, if truth be told,
May show above his master bold;
And men of fame, with laurels crowned
May rest their guerdons on the ground.

The one whose sacrifice had borne
Her aged parents, old and worn
Through fitful toil, her youth suppressed
Should stand far higher than the rest,

And many owners of the world
Shall from their lofty thrones be hurled,
To be usurped by those instead
Whom oft defrauded they of bread.

The millionaire of haughty taste
May find his false acquirements waste;
And those his station taught below
His grade may rise, and scorn him now.

The rich employer's stinted meed
To those who aptly stood in need,
May turn and crush his passing slight,
And meet his bow with scornful light.

But those will live in honor's roll
Who taught the heart and loved the soul,
As brethren all, whose influence tried
To win the world to justice' side.



VOICES IN THE WIND.

Wailing voices in the wind—
Some are harsh, and some are kind;
Some are false, while others true
Waft a message back to you;
Some are mourning, some are glad,
As your life is gay or sad.

THE PICTURE.

Smilingly she stands with timid grace,
Yet eager to uphold a charming face
And look her best, so sweet, so mild,
We know not if 'tis saint or child.
Through curtains draped of gauzy fold,
A radiant vision we behold—
Withal suppressed, but that to please.
A form of childish, graceful ease
Leans careless o'er, a rippling smile
Upon the face, no frowns defile.
Shall she thus stand till life is done
So calm, beneath each changing sun?
To pose without effect's restraint,
And thro' the child reveal the saint.

ATTRACTION.

We long to gaze at eyes we love,
As with some line of subtle grace
We feel a thrill and scarce can move
Our thoughts beyond the treasured place.

BE TRUE.

Be true in pain, adversity, and woe,
And wrong thee none to spite another foe.
Know in the end, if trample selfish hate,
And keep thy self respect, and conquer fate,
And prove thy noble manhood, where most cower,
None will, none can resist thy supreme power.

BY OTHERS.

We screen our lives with every care—
Each hidden act and envious look;
We feel so safe, until some book
We ope, and lo! our lives are there,
Written by others.

STRATEGY.

The clever man, through wiles and learning,
Pursues deceit as boldly can,
And leaves wise men with truth's discerning
To read between each scheming plan.

LIVING SORROW.

Whole anguish to our vague surmise
Leaps unproved from heart to eyes.
Death's grief subsides, and leaves no trace,
But living sorrows line the face.

COMPENSATION.

I would suffer once that I might sing
Of endless joys. The bird upon its tiny wing
Has lost its mate, none can condole—
And now it sings with voice and soul.

THE EARTH.

Beautiful as the stars are beautiful, and pure,
So earth rolls round usurping her own space.
Proud of the celestial spheres her noble shadows lure
Toward the sunshine gleaming o'er her upturned face.
Strangely she looks at her image, like an innocent child,
Wondering what innocence is like, and she
So noble from her untouched realm, so mild
And calm within herself, no wish could be
So plainly written on unsullied landscape drear
At that vast height, where tempests onward winged
with fear
Regaining glory's strife wherewith our all is crowned
To crush, exterminate, the clouds which hedge us in
Beyond the starry world, and like the earth's rebound
To light, and love, crush out the endless, deathless sin.

INDISCRETION.

I dare not let my thoughts linger around thee,
To crush them out is still my daily aim;
To let the vipers sting, and all surround me,
Would be to lure me back from whence I came.

THE PRICE OF A JEWEL.

I held a precious jewel in my hand,
Scintillating with rays of light; so grand
Was it, the lustrous gem drew all in sight,
And even their souls were dazzled by its light.
For it a life was spent, a noble soul
Poured out its treasured, vast, unearthly whole;
For it a heart was crushed in youthful age,
Like spear of grass between the cultured page
Of Wisdom's book; for it a kingdom gave
Her power of arms, her crested shields, her brave.
And now so carelessly I held it, dropped, and fell
When showed its clefted ore, an empty shell—
And it was fame.

IN VAIN.

He lays him on his bier, I weep
The empty tears of fate;
For if not that, how could he sleep
And I with grief prostrate?
The tears now falling from my eyes
Could ne'er the truth restore,
For if he knew, but mild surprise
He deemed so false, before,

Would gleam from eyes in angry scorn,
And on my head provoke
The wrath of words, so cruelly torn
From one sad heart now broke.
O! cease those weak, upbraiding tears,
And let the past be done.
Close up those joyous, happy years,
Like flowers at set of sun.

MEMENTOES.

I saw a child with streaming curls
Crushed on his low, white brow;
Soft, dimpled hands, whose cunning twirls
No roses mid them now.

I saw a mother, pale and worn,
Clasp to her breast a thread
Of golden hair, but last week shorn
From off her sleeping dead.

I saw a youth of noble mien
With conscious tread and grace
Of manhood's power, beheld, unseen
He lacked of soul, no trace.

I saw a parent old and gray,
Bowed down with weight of years,
Unfold a likeness, kneel and pray
Through sobs and piteous tears.

And o'er it all I viewed a God
Entreating silent, "Come to Me.
Believe in faith, nor mourn the sod;
I hold your treasures not in fee."

DESOLATION.

I am lone, but through the gloaming
Sweeps a voice of saddened dreaming.
Sad I wish it when it roaming
Comes to me with memory's seeming.
I may smile, and think thee near me,
Joyful smile, and end in sighing;
I may call, and beg thee hear me,
So I'll call thee when I'm dying.

When no thought of mine can reach thee,
Will its memory, haunting ever,
Bear the love I fain would teach thee
On the wing of truth's endeavor?

Will thy looks with fervent meaning
Brighten for another fairer,
And thine eyes so ripple, leaning
O'er a forehead younger, rarer?

Will thy smile be frank as ever
When no smile of mine can greet thee?
And agree with fates that sever
Never, never more to meet thee.
Sure thy heart could never fail so,
When my all to thee was given;
Thoughts unjust, forbid thee, rail so
Ere that comes I pray for heaven.

TIME.

When in the beginning of time
For the world was borrowed a day,
And night with a ceaseless rhyme
Speeding us on to decay.
Grief, as a solace for tears,
Love as a comfort for life,
And death with its endless fears
Bearing us on in the strife.
Laughter, and echoes of laughter
Maddening the world with its din
Before us, behind us, and after
Quitting this palace of sin.
And oft the coming of laughter
Shadows tears and troubles
As storms on the ocean after
Pursue the mimicking bubbles.
Pleasure and pain united
Through a ceaseless drift of years,
Anger, and hatred righted
Without the folly of tears.
Pain with its crushing burden,
Smiles in their maddening rift,
Raising hopes like a guerdon—
Hopes to be dashed at a lift.
Brave with a meaning motion
That the wide world sees and hears,

Over the earth and the ocean
Where the wild wind hurls and veers.
Weak, with nothing to fight
Hate that bears us away—
With day the screener of night,
And night the screener of day.
Fire and water hath wasted
The scheming spirit of man,
And triumphs and glories hath tasted
That failed on humanity's span.
Desire may dwell in the heart
And energy dwell in the brain,
Yet gleams of a lightning dart
Will tear the tempest in twain.
Back with remembrance's vision,
Back to the cares of night;
E'en love with her balmed Elysian
Fails to hinder the flight.
Sorrow, and bliss, and death
Blend with our pain as leaven,
Stealing even our breath
To waft us onward to heaven.

LIGHTNING STORM.

The flash, the lightning flash,
Dreary, and blinding, and still—
How it creeps with the noisy crash
Down from the crest of the hill.
Hark! how the hemlocks groan
Through the startled din prevailing,
With a weary, desolate moan
Like a tired invalid wailing.
O varying wind, give mirth
To the ceaseless, pitiless rain,
And gladden its weeping birth,
While changing the weird refrain
Of a million unechoing drops
Laboring far from their dearth;
Guide them to where anguish stops,
Mourn not for this tragic earth.

WHAT THOU KNOW'ST.

Thou know'st all, and know'st it well,
But to thee yet I fain would tell
This fact, that skipped thy thoughts galore—
Didst thou know less, thou wouldst know more.

TO A SWAN.

Where through the glistening wave?
While glow the waters with the rosiness of dawn,
Swift 'neath the silver foam, thy soft feet lave
And float thee on.

Nearby the world admires
And notes the liquid grace whereby thou moves,
As with slow motion that never tires
Nor weariness behooves.

Seest thou the lilies white?
So dazzling fair, near edge of rippling stream
Mocked by the fairer splendor that thy sight
Sheds o'er the sunset's gleam.

How with thy white sails furled
Thou floats along as barques do joyous roam,
Leaving where the waters round thee curled
A path of trackless foam.

How long thy loving glance
Be wafted o'er the cringing river's tide?
Not long thy noble beauty will enhance
Nor linger on the ocean side

Or wilt thou journey on
Through day and night, till thou hast found
A place of rest, where gleaming, golden dawn
Forever will abound?

At last I see thy form,
That being gently driven from my sight,
Beholds me pleading One to quell the storm
And guide me in my flight.

ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

O! wilds grim and dark spread the continent o'er,
When Folly selects for thy guide and ideal;
To shorten the way to both island and shore,
Go choose ye the one to whom sufferings appeal.

Though dreadfully coarse with apparel of rags,
The true heart inside of that ugly abode
May trip the vast wilderness, hew down the crags,
And lead thee triumphant to happiness' true road.

There sweetly forgetting all manner of sin,
And only remembering the good and the just,
Shall dwell both in pleasure without and within,
Thou receiv'st the gold for the iron's gilded rust.

Neither sorrow nor strife shall affix thy retreat,
No turbulent burdens shall enter the throng;
Where murmuring streamlets do lisp at thy feet,
Beguile ye the hours with laughter and song.

When weary and faint from thy goodness returns,
Go bathe thy tired feet in the brooklets that flow,
And lave the hot brow where sweet charity burns,
While birds sing above and the streamlets below.

The forests so calm in their self-built vale
Holds power o'er thy fancy and lulls thee to rest,
Where wisdom shall seek thy sweet breath to inhale,
And waking shall marvel at wisdom's request.

Not easy nor vain is the Master's high lore,
Imparted to thee while the sleep of the night
Surrounded thine eyelids, behind thee, before,
Where blinded thou lay with the rapturous light.

Thine appetite feeds on the wonders of God,
Tho' dwell in a cavern, no hunger shall tear
And lust for crude victuals the chastening rod
When smiteth at heart the refreshment shall bear.

O! ne'er canst thou long for in mankind a place,
When from proving thou know'st the vultures of fate,
And nourished by heaven, thou sure canst efface
The wish to return from yon paradise gate.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Have you seen the lighthouse gleaming
On its rock of ancient build,
And its massive bulwarks beaming
Through sun's rays, where'er they gild?

Strong and sound seems its foundation,
Towering high above the wave;
Standing like some wild creation
Not of man, but heaven-gave.

And its huge and pointed pillar
Rises sheer into the sky,
Standing lone, save heaven's tiller,
Steering vessels safely by.

Strong the beacon-rays that gather,
Like a soul within its strength,
Straying barques to guide, and tether
From destruction's painful length.

Hark! throughout its groaning gable
Thunders roll, and light'nings play;
Yet it stands as firm, as stable
As the beacon 'neath its sway.

How the rushing foam doth clamour
At its side in angry scorn!
Flinging high its wretched glamour
O'er the seething mass, forlorn.

Thus we stand in life's enclosure
Torn by tempest's cruel fray,
Seeking naught but mild composure,
While the billows round us play.

Is our strength combined for victory,
And our souls the beacon-light
Shedding rays to guide us to Thee,
Swift to heaven's glorious height?

BYGONE DAYS.

Grief, idle grief, I know not what thou art,
Creeping from the soul in mute appeal.
Torn from the depths of some uncherished heart
That oft to prying eyes its secrets doth reveal.
O! let the ghost not from its tomb e'er steal.

Tears, scalding tears, that gather to the eyes,
Blinding reason's scope, and overlook the dawn
Creeping o'er the fields where once with happy sighs
Thou thought that heaven dwelt this earth upon;
'Twas when thou held the love that now is gone.

Fresh as the storm sweeping o'er the wild,
So doth each gust of grief renew the pain.
Ah! aching hearts, when shall their woes be mild?
Perchance when roses grow, and flowers bloom again
O'er sundry mounds, their hopes will not be vain.

SISTERS OF A SISTERHOOD.

Woman I, that speaks to thee,
Asks these words though 'shamed I be.
Is not there a bond divine
'Twixt thy woman's heart and mine
From which sympathy should flow
Each to each, while in the glow
Affection's warm, caressing tone
Links the sorrows borne alone?
Why this useless enmity,
Goading thoughts to hatred free?
Guard the homeless, those astray
To thy faith, appeal alway.
Virtues slanders should efface
Not adding to their shameless grace;
Nor for such can one atone—
Guard their welfare as thine own.

WOODS IN AUTUMN.

Fast blows the autumn gale;
The gaudy wrappings of the wood are gone,
The forests now are bare, each empty dale
Has put its solemn livery on.

The giant oaks that stood
Bedecked in their wide sweep and stately pride,
Must yield the splendor of each glowing rood
And by its sombre laws abide.

Each wooded cliff that formed
Or aided in the summer's quiet air
Stands moaning, as if nature rudely stormed
Them in their fortress there.

On high the sun sends forth
His rising airy beams, as gladsome, lone
As when each painted, tow'ring group was worth
In sight a golden mitred crown.

Beyond the crimson heavens glow.
In fervor bright, true sign of heaven's bliss,
Smiles back the firmament to us below,
And silently the earth doth kiss.

O! fairest time the passing year,
If but our starving energies make glad
Each sunny day, and blossoms brown and sere
Though withered are not sad.

SMALL WORDS.

Scold not the one whose mind you would improve.
Rather seek his faults with kindness and love,
Lest he fall back upon himself; and then
Misdoubting, knowing, thinking all his fellowmen
Against him thus. Why should those greater seek
To slay a mortal's faith in his own mind?
For surely now it would have been more kind

To choose mild words; clothed with celestial fire,
To purge iniquities. Blot out your loathsome ire;
For being stronger tramp not on the weak.
Then nobly prove yourself his willing friend,
Encourage well his aims though it be late;
Deep words, though light, that trusting in the end
Must always balance well, and bear more weight.

EVENING REST.

My task is done, and the yearning
For rest steals o'er me now.
The throbbing pain and the burning
Have left my fevered brow.

I see a star fall from heaven,
Then sadly gaze at them more,
And think of the many lives given
There is always one gone before.

A feeling of nameless longing
Creeps from my heart to-night,
As bygone memories come thronging
And fashion before my sight.

A feeling so sad and lonely
Seems wearing my life away,
But resembles anguish only
As the dawn resembles the day.

Come, play to me the preface
Of a melody soft and low,
And let my thoughts find solace
In the murmur of its flow.

O! choose one from the Psalter—
Something sweet, sublime,
Whose echoes seem to falter
Ere they cross the chasm of time.

Sing not of life's ambition,
Nor of endless toil and woe,
But rather of death's transition,
Through whose portals we must go.

'Twill chase away the wrinkles
And soothe my mind with peace,
As foam on the ocean crinkles
When the passionate wavelets cease.

Then lightly thoughts of the morrow
Will pass o'er my throbbing brain;
The dull heartache, and the sorrow
Like dew will dissolve in rain.

And the pent up well of the fountain
With tears shall overflow,
And silently cover the mountain
Of sorrow, and bury it low.

TIRED.

I am already weary of the road,
Although my journey is not yet done.
I toil and struggle to bear my load
From the rising dawn till the setting sun.
I travel slow, for my feet are sore,
All cut and bruised by a hanging thorn
That swept across my path and tore—
I long, oh I long for the coming morn!
I will brush the brambles aside and go
With a firmer tread, for the way is clear.
The clouds of dawn will burst, and lo!
Alone I might falter helpless here.
Through dark ravine, or mountain air
Whither I go, Thou wilt be there.

SORROWS OF AFFLICTION.

Trod not thou on affliction's humble birth,
As lowly bend the knee before God's throne;
Surrender meekly all thou hast upon this earth
If needs be. Generously resigned. 'Tis but his own.
Reproach him not tho' he should pluck our choicest
flowers
And bear them away. Remember yet, they still are ours

Nor murmur thus with grief's reproving voice.
Rather lave thy heart with tears, and then rejoice
To know thou hast been worthy found, and knowing well
God sent His stricken message down to thee
Where be received with all due courtesy
Strength'ning, cleansing, ennobling where it fell.
Love and caress all sorrows gravely given;
Each gift shall be returned to us in heaven.

THE COMPENSATION OF LIFE.

A voice cried to a struggling soul; "Be still!"
Rail not against thy woes; if 'twere His will,
Thou wouldst be now sated with infinite peace,
Not weeping, moaning, praying for release
From this frail vesicle, that chains thy very breath
And beguiles thee from the torpor we call death.
Have patience, soul, and thou wilt join me here
In ecstasy. Away, away, from pain's unrest,
The discipline now of this worldly sphere
Thou art but learning, is the mortal's test.
Life's slight pulsations stilled, all longings cease,
Eternity unveils her sweet domain;
Such bliss doth well reward a life of pain.
I had my sufferings too, ere I found peace,

WHATE'ER THE CRIME BE GOOD.

Oft we may hear a sound of discontent
Breathed through the air, a useless plaint
Be added to one's woes, do we invent
A hopeful word to crush the bitter taint?

And when a shadow falls across a friend
Do we wield sympathy, or turn aside
For needless cause unto the bitter end,
Nor lift the soul we might have fortified?

Thus oft for hope a fellow-being lies
Struck to the earth, while we walk glad
Across the waste, where ignorance defies
The thought that we may yet be woeful, sad.

And so one little word may bravely raise
The drooping spirit bowed, nor should
We swerve from sympathy throughout our days;
Whate'er the crime or shadow is, be good.

WAIT.

If lines of mine few understand,
Wait, wait, nor skim them underhand;
Till years are past, to some comes late
Pain's keen perception—till then wait.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Honey sipper, dapper clad
In thy greenish robes, so glad,
Dost thou flit from flower to flower,
Ling'ring near a blossomed bower
Where the nectar loved by thee
Seems to dwell immortally.

What but joy is in thy pinion,
Lover of a vast dominion?
Swimming thro' the clover field,
Cheating drones their wintry yield.
Butterflies may sport and play,
But thy heart is always gay,
Mocking in thy toilsome hours
Honey bees which haunt thy bowers.
Knows no indolence nor ease,
Floating on the downy breeze
O'er the treetops, and along
With a purpose firm and strong.

Hide thee ever in thy glory
Deep 'neath apple blossoms hoary?
Where the honeyed blossoms steal
Sweetness for thy morning meal,
And the day of wantless care
Be it cloudy, damp, or fair.
E'en providing perfumed sap.
And thy tiny bill, the tap

Whence the nectar floweth forth
Fair as snowflakes from the North.
Chanting in a listless tone
Thanks maybe for flower and hone.

Hast thou known of foreign joys
Where love's atmosphere decoys
Birds and insects to its haven?
Plenty always, and thy leaven
Sweeter for the scorching breeze
Weltering thro' the palmy trees.
Ne'er behooves thee there to hurry
Thro' the haste of nature's flurry.
Seasons all in all appear,
Blooming sameness, year to year,
Where from zone to zone, thou steerest,
Fright unknown, and nothing fearest.

Swift the days, but swifter still
Go'st thou forth with stronger will,
Teaching all what need and care
Mingle firm, with pleasures rare.
Duties stern thou ne'er would'st shirk,
For thou liv'st but to work,
And thou lab'rest but to live;
Sweeter labor none can give.

DECREED.

Oft lies man's life within his heart,
A life, a grave, an earthly all.
'Tis of himself a thing apart,
Which we his living manhood call;
And but when in that heart's recesses see,
We pitying know what God meant him to be.

NIGHT.

O night! how thy pitying boon
Covers the sinner and saint;
Yet thou go'st forth all too soon
Awandering; in thy restraint

Thou seem'st more dear than all
The sunlight from tower to dome.
And hark! when thy sweet glories fall,
Is the hour for returning home.

ISLE OF ST. ELMO.

The weak, the wan, and the ghastly sight
Of a spellbound isle, where the meteor throws
Its lustrous shades o'er the fog-girt night,
And screens the tomb of the morn's repose
With the tropic light of a star-gemmed sky—
How fared this spot in the eve gone by?

Methinks with the light of a dazzling moon,
Through the stormy surf of an endless day,
Gaunt spectres travel the caves at noon
And lure the storm with its wrath away;
The boundless realm may sink and groan
With its hideous burden of wraiths alone.

And sprites arise from the vapor gray,
Mingling their shrieks with the tempest's roar,
Mocking the sounds in their mimicking way
And driving the herons in fright to the shore.
The life of man with its endless fear
Might find a comforting realm here.

A flapping of wings in the hurried gale
Would send the pang of a terror's dart
To the mind surroundless of nerve's avail,
And speed him quick with a trembling heart
To the nearest port ere the strife began
For the harbor refuge he strikes. O man!

The bleaching bones of a nation's pride
Be bathed by the surf's unwearying dip,
That clinging yet to the earth's damp side,
Release their hold with a weak'ning grip
Of the iron hands which the bones condemn,
Once swayed the earth that now sways them.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Nor luxury, nor riches, nor power,
Nor fame in the treadmill of time,
Give omnipotence from which tyrants cower,
Can immortally make me sublime.
No history of brave anecdotes
Could give to the world my desire
Of intellect's gift the world notes
And praise which the owners soon tire.
No sceptre I crave to command,
Nor diadem's weight on my brow;
But a power I ask from His hand
Greater than kings can bestow—
Grant to me love's endless fate,
And being good I shall be great.

SUNSET.

Through crimson bars the sunset's glory steals
With grandeur massed, majestic like a king
Whose purple robes outvie all nature deals
To mankind; and the frailer glories bring,
With dazzling contrast lovelier than all,
A wave of every tint, a ripple as of fire
Floats on the sea of burnished gold, where fall
The sun's last beams, the glitt'ring rays that tire
Undaunted eyes; which gazing on the pale last look
Of day; gleans from its promise a fairer dawn.
And where the setting glows, a timid flutt'ring rook
Sails through the downy fleece and wanders on.
Thus may our lives tinged with the sunset's roseate hue
Cleave the pale clouds and wander swiftly through.

OUTWARD SHOW.

Call not that life which hidden 'neath a veil
Screens all but glamour from the outward show
Of mortals, careful not to look beyond the pale
And see their selfsame image stalking in the glow.

DANGERS OF FRANKNESS.

Who bluntly speaks, may injure himself more
Than had he chosen phrases polished o'er.

SLEEP AND THINK.

Sleep, I cannot sleep and think.
Thoughts that overflow the brink
Aye! of tears and clinging pain
Come to haunt me o'er again.

Through the day they never cease,
While at night I crave release
From their wearying review;
Old they are, the treasured few.

Nature links her silence deep
With our calm, mysterious sleep;
Echoes not surround the gloom
Creeping o'er us like the tomb.

Thought with all its latent hues,
Sleep I beg to change the views;
Useless to me change will seem,
For I live them o'er in dream.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

Talk not of gilded towers, nor turrets vain,
Rearing triumphant spear-shaped pinnacles in air
To greet the planets' march, which turns again
And leaves one thinking naught could be so fair.
Then go thee out in nature's palace halls
And fretted aisles of intricate design
That dare the hands who builded tott'ring walls
To frame substantial, firm network like thine.
The wind so softly whisp'ring 'mong the trees
Hath taught the woodland choirs to sing;
No sweeter sound e'er borne upon the breeze,
Or in the depths of water murmuring.
All things we know must court decay, and wane,
So frost's chill hand slay those, then resurrect again.

RESURRECTION.

From the tomb of gruesome bowers
Spring earth's fairest, purest flowers;
From the grave of earthly sighs
Nobler souls do oft arise.

THE LENGTH OF TIME.

How long unceasing doth it seem,
Eternal years without a change?
Like leaves upon a checkered ream
When torn apart the lines estrange.

Alternately we hope and dare
Beyond our strength in ruffled plans;
The fervor of a selfish prayer
Be used to raise us o'er our clans.

O! rapid life whene'er we give
In charity, what sweetest tread
And may we feel they only live
Who have themselves cast dead.

THE SUMMER BREEZE.

Fresh from the chambers of the wood
A lofty breeze of the mountain stole,
And gliding on to where I stood
Paused on the selfsame grassy knoll.

It stirred the grass, and trees, and flowers,
That wrapped in summer's balmy dream
Deemed far too short the day's bright hours,
To feel existence' pensive stream.

The air was still, no sound of life
Crept through the foliage around;
Save chirping birds, whose aims were rife
To warble most delicious sound.

I hailed the zephyr's restful tone
That boded gentle twilight's boon;
And meads of flowery buds had gone
To slumber-lulled by nature's tune.

Ah! breeze that wandering slowly by,
Thy gliding feet in rapture tread
The glowing steeps, then silent die
Without earth's murmurs round thee spread.

The blissful time that thou hast spent
Through fragrance of the summer hours,
Thy end reflects their raptures blent.
O! could I share thy mortal bowers.

But what that sight now to my eyes?
A vision white with wings outspread
Comes sailing swiftly on the skies,
Reflected deeply from o'erhead.

I gazed; the splashing sound foretold
A ponderous ship with sails unfurled
Where that strong breeze, so brave and bold,
Labored to waft it o'er the world.

And then I paused to think with shame
Of thoughts I had an hour before:
To live a life of useless blame
And yet to gain the peaceful shore.

Now let me linger shortly in
The pleasure-halls of idle glee;
But 'neath the sound of labor's din
Make my strokes ring forth joyously.

EVE HAS COME.

Now the twilight draws her shade,
Glad I am that eve is here;
While I watch the dark'ning glade
Thankful yes, that none are near.

More alert than in the day
Do my spirits gently rise;

Now no labor holds its sway
O'er the dreamy, conscious sighs.

All the day a restless throng
Kept receding from my door,
All the day a noisy gong
Thrilled its echoes o'er and o'er.

Now I sweetly undisturbed
Muse on Future's throned flight,
With each bitter hearsay curbed,
Floating off on wings of night.

Fear and hatred rank no more
In my bosom: naught but glee
There proclaims its precious lore,
When the twilight sets me free.

Life and all its fretting cares
Pass before in loving dream:
Fresher beats my pulse declares
So likewise my heart doth seem.

There abandoned all but holy
Hopes and aspirations great,
Woe and vice that make day lowly,
Proving foes to me are sate.

Sweet forgiveness chimes its blessing
Free to those who overcast
Oft my sun, may its addressing
Reach who wronged me in the past.

WHY SHOULD I NOT BE GAY?

Why should I not be gay? Such was decreed
By heaven, and in nature's eye behold
A gleaming joy that fills up every need,
A warmth that e'en defies the winter's cold.

Why should I not be gay, when years are few?
'Tis time enough when age has touched with frost
These gilded locks my mirror doth review,
And so why should I mourn wherever tost?

Adieu, then, all of sorrow, woe and strife,
 Insipid dross that none should ever miss;
 And in the failing years, when drunk of life,
 No small, still voice shall whisper unsought bliss.

SHALL BEND BUT NEVER BREAK.

The snowy clouds o'er yonder mount
 Seem drooping low to greet the crest.
 Their fleecy lightness lies abreast
 Like foam upon God's holy fount.
 Throughout its waves we see a soul
 Bowed down apparent to the earth,
 Whose grief, despair, have covered birth
 And age with melancholy's roll.
 But wait; again the snowy form
 Shall through that very lightness rise,
 Which bowed it down 'neath heaven's skies
 When passed the heavy brooding storm.
 All loyal hearts, for His sweet sake,
 Shall bend in grief but never break.

SIMILE.

Strange power the soul holds o'er our mortal breath.
 When stricken mute, we soar, and call it death.
 Each form is stretched out lifeless on a bed
 So must the soul that loses e'en its God be dead.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

When I knew less than I do now,
 Myself deemed wise, I will allow;
 Now more I know, yet think it less
 Than wisdom half, I must confess.

SIMPLICITY.

True, great men show such wisdom oft
 As wedding not of richest dower,
 But scorn the hot-house buds of fame,
 And choose the modest wayside flower.

FREEDOM.

Boast not that country free which binds a chain
Around defenceless worlds, whose luxuries gain
Through greedness' spoil, forgetful of the God
Who hath divided not this earthly sod,
But gave to all alike, a mock decree
Be thrust upon the head of such as ye,
And slaver-like forgets a higher power
Claims all thy worthless self, and tyrant dower
All noble thought, would rather be the friend
Aye! of the slave, than to the master bend.

THE WANDERER.

Left home. All in the sad experience of youth
Drifted onward like the outgoing tide.
How many have gone like me, but forsooth,
The most of them have died.

Kissed loving parents, e'en now I recall
How mother clung to me, and wept.
I knew not then I had lost all
Till memory o'er me swept.

Then I remembered, and for the past there came
Such cruel longings and regret.
Yet I did not think I was to blame
Till sorrow and I met.

Returned again. All was silent and still
In the cottage I once called home.
Strangers showed me two graves on the hill—
If I had only known.

Just retribution; but for me 'twas too late
To comfort those who had left me.
The like oft occurs, some call it fate
I call it destiny.

THE BELLS OF STUTTGART.

In that quaint old German city
Of proud Stuttgart near the Rhine,
Swords were flashing in the sunlight,
Soldiers forming in a line.
For was not the Emperor coming
On his prancing, noble steed
With its gold and silver trappings
To perform a noble deed?

"Old Fritz is dead, he died this morning
Who will wear the golden crown?
Who by climbing up yon turret
Will win everlasting renown?
Who will win the hundred guineas
That proud Stuttgart gives each year?
To him who's brave enough to venture
Ringing forth the Emperor's cheer."

Thus spake the General to his people
As silence spread o'er the motley crowd.
"Life is too sweet," each conscience replied,
Not daring to speak it aloud.
"I've a wife and children," each peasant thought,
"And to risk it I do not dare;
Although the feat has been done before,
But then Fritz had not a care."

"Answer! answer!" cried the General,
Striding wrathfully to and fro.
"Is there not one man among you
Who would risk his life and go?"
Ay! there was one among that number,
One whose like fame never dies,
Who with wildly beating heart
To the huge tower raised his eyes.

What was in that tow'ring belfry,
What was in that awful height,
That made the boy's heart sink within him
And blanch his cheeks so deadly white?
Yet as if some power had held him,
Gazed above with bated breath.

"Father in heaven," he murmured fondly,
"Tell me, is it certain death?"

"If I venture up yon turret
Will thy hand protect me there?
For my mother's sake I ask it,
For my own I would not dare."
Then before the noble General
Stands a boy with calm, blue eyes,
Saying, "Master, I will do it;"
Noting quick the cool surprise

That shone in the General's face
As his stern eyes flashed with joy,
Saying, "Child, you could not do it
You are nothing but a boy."
"I can do it, I will do it,"
Moaned the boy with sobbing breath,
"Though there's danger in the action,
Sir, my mother's near to death.

"And the help I now can give her,
This a blessing for our need,
Will save us both from want, my master,
God will bless you then indeed."
The General's heart was stirred within him
As it ne'er had been before.
"You may do it, and boy like you
Would proud Stuttgart had some more."

Franz gazed at the winding ladder
And his heart grew faint with dread.
"Father, protect Thy orphan child,"
Were the words his pale lips said.
"Holy Virgin Mother," prayed he,
"Help me in this hour of need,
Let your loving care enfold me,
For I need your help indeed."

Then as the shouts below, around him.
Step by step the boy ascends
With a coolness born of knowledge
That on this his life depends.
Nearer, and yet near he gains it
With a tread as firm as day.

Yet he dared not look below him,
Know in this his safety lay.

Down below the crowds were surging,
Listening for the bells to ring;
Waiting for the Emperor's coming,
Who was Prussia's noble king.
First a hush, and then a silence
Tells the Emperor is nigh—
Franz has reached the topmost ladder
Hanging now twixt earth and sky.

Like a tide of naval glory
Sweeping o'er a battle field,
As the stirring cries of victory
Force the enemy to yield—
Thus the murmur of hoarse voices
As the monarch sweeps in view,
With his grand and noble bearing
And still grander retinue.

But the bells drown all the clamour,
Holds the mass in one great sway;
Like a gentle breeze of ocean
Then the music dies away.
In the grand old palace stateroom
Stands the monarch with his seers.
Asks he for the peasant, whom he
Knew had rung the bell for years.

Then the noble General tells him
Of the boy who filled his place,
Seeing quick the admiration
Shining in the monarch's face.
"Bring him to me," says the monarch,
"Well rewarded shall he be."
Then from out the crowd he leads him,
And Franz drops upon one knee.

The monarch raised the kneeling figure
Saying, "Boy, kneel not to me.
I'm but the ruler of a nation,
Thou art the flower of chivalry."
With his own hands placed the circlet
On the boy's bright, curling hair

Of glittering gold and precious jewels
A costly diadem and rare;
Saying, "Thou hast won great honors
And thou now my page shalt be.
I'll be to thee as a father—
Thou didst ring the bells for me."

JEALOUSY.

Jealous of you I could not be.
The gift that heaven sent down to me
Might have been yours, and yours been mine,
And I another, if both were thine.

FAME.

The paths of fame are roughly shod
With straggling mounds where worms have trod.
Pedestall'd powers, that sought in vain to flee
Yon gilded tombs. Whence rise their immortality.

PREMEDITATION.

We wrong our lives oft by some thoughtless freak,
But who knows better yet does same is doubly weak.

KNOWLEDGE.

When tiny hamlets oft I view in some sequestered vale,
Nestling in nature's arms, from earth's contaminations,
fail
In worldly knowledge; meekly sink the bustling times
behind;
I envy their unknowingness and happiness combined.

ILLUSION.

How strange that those who wish to act a part
Deceive themselves, and to the grave onlookers show
Their wounded pride, and e'en perhaps a breaking heart
By overdoing that they fain would let none know.

CHRISTIANITY.

Spurn not the sinner though he be
Apostate of idolatry.
And knowing such will learn of thee
Emblems of true Christianity.

WISDOM.

'Tis but a fool earned reproach defies;
Thro' mistakes sensible men become wise.

FORBEARANCE.

Time thou the word, but let its eloquence be
Thy passport to life's serenity.

RIDICULE.

Let not the jests of others
Give us pain. The irate tongue that mothers
Faults, we know from jealous rapture springs—
It is the untruth of it all that stings.

CONVERSATION.

When wise men freely converse do not deem
Each is telling whatever he knows,
For such may be but a tiny stream
That from the fountain of knowledge flows.

EQUALITY.

The greatest man is he who feels
Equality with every son;
Whose noble creed such union deals
That equal rights are owned, not won.

SELF-REPROACH.

Better is it not, that they
Whose follies turn to conscience' stings?
That others lighter think the fray
Which to themselves such reproof brings.

HYPOCRISY.

He who parades his gospel's lore
And recks for praise in wordly tone,
Defies with mockery, God before,
And makes an unjust creed his own.

MISJUDGMENT.

How misplaced is the world's inviolate worth!
The knave that vaguely wond'ring rails at fate
That his wise ableness provokes no mirth,
And great men wonder why they are great.

THE GENTLEMAN.

The same at home, the same to every clan
Proves what thou art, bespeaks the gentleman.

What coward's trait to mock and jeer at one
Of weaker intellect, or whom dull nature trod;
Contrary to ideals, such ill-placed mockeries don
An insult to the handiwork of God.

REWARD OF PARDON.

He who forgives a blow or taunt,
And pardon to opponent yield,
Has won a victory greater than
The monarch on a battle-field.

SIGNS OF GUILT.

Know that the one whose tongue harps tireless on
A one-string lyre of crime, or dismal facts,
To listeners' gaping wit reveals the one
Whom that same chord hath rusted—hence relax.

Twice and thrice a felon is the one
Who with contempt doth spurn the wrongdoer's son,
And for his parent's crimes o'erlook with scorn
The youth, unlike himself, who may be nobly born.

PROOF.

Thou art a stranger to me, I must own,
And since thou art but one way lies to find
The noble qualities possessing thee alone—
By what strange company thou seek'st in mankind.

ON TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis true he hath no money, which
Goes forth to meet the every end;
But better hath, I deem him rich
In that he owns a trusty friend.

SYMPATHY.

What soothing balm to pour our all-consuming woes
Into the ears of one with consolation free;
And yet hope not for sympathy from those
Who have not tasted thine own cup of misery.

SELF-MADE.

Who scaled his heights alone hath better won
A crown, than issued to the monarch's son.
Though ruling all, his throne will ne'er descend,
For he is king himself unto the end.

LAWS.

As men do often die in poverty,
And as oft they bequeath the erring cause
To idle sons, such as their fathers', see
Whose laws live not by them, but they by laws.

CONTROL.

Thou thought'st to teach me, and behold! I find
Thou hast not learned yet control of mind.
How can the colt as yet untaught command
Teach younger ones to pull, loose reins in hand?

THE PENITENT.

He who repents with keen remorse
Each sin committed of the age,
And then returns to same, is worse
Than actor on the gilded stage.

STRENGTH IN SUFFERING.

"Bear and forbear," has Victory said.
No human soul was ever led
Through others' pains to gain the strife
Of conquered self, the noble life.

IT IS NOT OFT.

It is not oft we judge the pain
Of others by our own;
Or else those stabs and sneers would wane
And sympathy condone.

DEFEATED.

Though probing well the truths of every land,
Man's mind a mystery, to thy search is lost,
O! changing hearts, we fain would understand,
'Tis when some turn away they love us most.

FAULTS.

Possessing fewer faults, then we
Might lesser faults in others see.

FAITH.

If once on one thy faith held ground
With undisputed sway, and mind,
And that grave stanchion tott'ring, bound,
Shall sink thy faith in all mankind.

WHEN.

When one most dear steps in thy life,
So will the love for each and all,
Both friend and foe, who aimed thee strife
Assemble at thy heart's new call.

REVENGE.

Scorn all revenge, 'tis weak and vain;
Thou noblest attributes shalt gain
Not for thyself and thine alone,
But him thy welfare has o'erthrown.

When we have done our best, why care
If idle tongues make light the task?
Of failure, none but gossips dare
And their advice we scorn to ask.

HONOR AND WEALTH.

Houses and lands tempt naught but the vain
Honor comes first, 'tis a priceless domain.

KINSHIP.

Whate'er the stranger's heart bestows,
Our kinsmen are our greatest foes;
And none so envious of our lot
As those who kinship have forgot.

A CHOICE.

There is a strength, not weak, in loving well
One 'neath the gaze of stern, unfeeling eyes,
A wretch who so unprincipled defies
By acts his worth; such crimes dispel,
And guide, uplift. Is't not more noble deed,
To know thy love raised one in apter need?

THE ASCENT OF LIFE.

Heed not the dark and dismal days
In life's career. The wind that sways
The drooping branches o'er our path
Shall now appease the storm-god's wrath,
And sweep the mist our sun obscures
With joyful hand, and love allures.

The vale of life, through which we pass
With faltering steps, the surging mass
That blocks our path, while toiling brave
To stem the billows, crest the wave
That bear us onward in the strife
The thankless task of living, life.

Ascend the mountain, tread the plain,
Ere thou may ever hope to gain
The summit's height, the wooded grove
That sweetly shelters the wounded dove
In tranquil peace, the harvest reap
Thou earnedst, while toiling passes steep.

The years go rippling by in rills
That found their starting place in hills
Of trouble, bravely met, and tost
Beneath the river's cringing frost,
With zephyr calm, serene they lie,
As joy brings smiles, or pain a sigh.

Their shadows ne'er will come again
To make thee think what might have been.
The future now must be thy goal
And rest content in life's stern roll.
To know the past, thou didst begin—
The future shall eclipse, and win.

Swift as the sunshine skimming o'er
The dial's face, time is no more.
The brief, sweet dream, whose records wrought
True visions of a celestial spot,
Be drenched no more with passing showers,
But reign supreme in endless bowers.

Though life may send thee grief and care,
Forget not others have to share
The pang sent down. We must destroy
The selfish thoughts that would decoy
Such anguish, ere we win renown;
No untroubled brow will wear a crown.

Scorn not the rivulets that store
The mind's deep well with hidden lore
That bubbles up with each new draught
And sips the springs that others quaffed.
With hasty zeal, untasted still
They leave the fountain on the hill.

How dross is gold to earthly trust;
'Tis but the iron's gilded rust
That strewn in bauble's glittering road
Shall lure the weak to its abode.
Exchange not wealth of mind or soul
For all the dazzling gems that roll.

The mortal's best estate, not wealth
But industry and time. Like stealth
The hours creep on, unnumbered, brief;
Thou canst seize some, not like a thief,
For they are thine; a dusky pall
If not secured, will hide them all.

The snow enshrouds with winding sheet
Old earth's bare bosom and chilled feet.
Let not thy heart be numbed by this,
'Tis but the mourning of earth's bliss.
As snowflakes melt, the sun will shine,
All griefs dissolve, and let go thine.

Wouldst thou when others are in woe
Desire a shield to wrest the foe?
Of his crude spoils, and hoarded strife
He longs to spread with misery, rife.
The road to true contentment leads
Oft through some mourner's woes or needs.

Uncertain tides may wreck thy boat,
If left upon the stream afloat,

And leave thee stranded like a shell
Ere help appears, the waves to quell;
Then safely through the roaring tide
A steering hand thy barque will guide.

In barren walks didst thou begin
Life's endless march of care, and sin?
Its desert paths of burning sand,
That spread out boldly o'er the land,
Kept from thy sight the cool greensward
That might have charmed thy life's discord.

The flowers of life are trust and peace,
And when we wear them, murmurs cease;
They shed their perfume in the air
And chase the gloom seen everywhere.
When loving hearts their fragrance call,
Each blow shall lighter seem to fall.

Be grateful if a sunbeam burst
And shed its lustre o'er thee first;
Its gladsome rays diffuse the cloud
That hovered o'er thee long and loud.
They promise day, and sunshine sent,
The night of woe will soon be spent.

With prudent thought build firm the wall
That keeps thee from destruction's fall;
No gaping holes be left to throw
Dishonor round, defects will show
Both pitiless, and stern to eyes
That treach'rous would thy faults surmise.

Temptation's thorns may snare thy feet,
Its storms may come with hail and sleet,
And lead astray thy virtuous soul
To perish in despair; the goal
Of all who tread wrong paths at length—
We trust that thou hast greater strength.

Consider wisely ere thou act,
Lest by remorse thy heart be racked

For deeds of folly, which destroy
One's peace of mind, the owner's joy.
Such blots will stain, nor can efface
The thrill some feel in one's disgrace.

Although fierce storms thy hopes assail,
Like mariners utilize the gale
To speed thee swiftly o'er the main,
The Port of Triumph thus to gain—
No wreckage strewn on life's dull sand
To tempt the vultures of the land.

A dormant will must dwell within
Him who makes no attempt to win
The soul has starved with careless food,
And sunk into death's lassitude;
Arouse the sleeping spirit's breath,
No longer dare exist in death.

We shape our fates with careless hands
Too oft from loathsome desert sands.
True life inspires the heart to sing
And earth doth promise everything;
The bow of promise in the sky
Can quickly send life's arrow high.

Pause not upon life's devious way,
Beguiled by potent charmer's sway,
For such will charm thee while they use
Thine opportunities, thy cues
For hidden wealth, and then pass by,
While on the ground thou prostrate lie.

The ocean's roar is loud and strong,
As maelstroms fiercely glide along;
The vortex there, so wide and deep,
Disturbs thy slumbers, haunts thy sleep.
To some it brings repose and peace
And some the knell of hope's decease.

Perfection, no, thou needst not seek;
Its voice is far too frail to speak

In man. A globe of glass
That fain would shatter ere it pass,
And leave behind a stinging dread
That we might on its edges tread.

As strugglers fail be not the one
To court defeat, no laurels won
Without grim toil, each failure sore
Should make thee stronger than before;
From off thy heart those trammels shake
And thou shalt win for winning's sake.

Discharge no shafts that wound a heart—
Such may recoil on thee, the dart
That poisoned with the slanderer's tongue
Seeks targets fresh. Be thou among
The first to wipe the oozing stain
From off the cause of Virtue's gain.

All magnified are youthful woes;
From tiny steppes oft mountains rose.
As time rolls on with patience blest
We learn to soothe our cares to rest,
Nor cherish faults so lately born,
While at the past we smile in scorn.

As streams reflect the sunset's glow,
So may toil's roseate hues all show
In life's pellucid depths as clear
As raindrops sparkling on the mere;
Their restful prelude sounds impart
A flood of music to the heart.

WHILE THE WORLD IS SINGING, LAY ME DOWN.

Lay me down on the hillside fair,
Where curlews call.
Cover my bed with seashells rare,
Whose moans will fall

Like a requiem on my tired soul,
Whose work is done.
Earth's music, life denied me whole,
Death now has won.

While the world is singing my endless fame,
Here let me lie;
Unconscious thus of its praise or blame
None can deny.

Then sing my songs again and again
To ends of earth,
Unheeding all of the heart of pain
Which gave them birth.

HOPE.

If we will always listen with a mournful mind,
All life seems like a wail of sorrow rent;
If there was naught to trouble in mankind,
All voices here like music would be blent.

We do not hear the swelling undertone of love
That bids us bear what others bore so meek.
When we are done with the complaints that wove
Such bitterness, then life's happiness we may seek.

All suffering comes from battle with ourselves;
When we are bruised and beaten, thoughts are rife
That struggling helpless show the mind that delves
Down deep, the needlessness of strife.

Impatience spoils control the soul has gained;
Our higher self knows the repose of peace;
The mortal only thinks it cannot be attained,
And thus the soul yearns for its glad release.

Deliverance! The word that brings the captive hope!
Shall we accept its comfort when appears?
Or let it pass us with a wider scope,
And leave us yet in agony and tears.

Why should we wish our paths bestrewn with flowers
While others stumble o'er life's stony road?
We merely ask the blossoms that are ours,
Then give the rest and help them bear their load.

We wonder yet what others, proud and gay,
Of happiness in this cruel, blighted life can find;

They do not stop to gather sorrows on the way,
Nor waste time grieving over sorrows left behind.

To-day is ours, we must not mar its beauty;
To-morrow His; all may be dark and chill,
Then vainly wish that we had done our duty,
And now have better strength to meet His will.

'Tis useless, yes, to bring ourselves to think
Life's suffering yet may heedless pass us by;
Its lesson must be learned; though near the brink
Of yawning grave, 'twill seize us ere we die.

Forbearance still shall mould our life's contending path,
The word that turns our thoughts to higher things;
The giddy senseless one that ne'er a trouble hath
Shall e'en be better for the knowledge trouble brings.

The withered leaves from off the sturdy branch must fall
All seared and torn in cruel tempest's blast;
Their labor o'er, like men they have their call,
Like unthanked men they to the earth are cast.

The soft, sweet lisping winds their tiny shelters seek
Where tripping sparrows flit in noiseless glee;
Eternal softness reigns, whose silence ne'er will speak—
As mute and uncomplaining as our lot should be.

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